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No. 190
April '77
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NUMBER 190 APRIL 1977

MAD

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage... but they do a pretty good job of keeping you confined!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

THE MORONIC WOMAN

The chauvinism of De Bartolo and Drucker shone through clearly. They took the only decent female hero on television and turned her into a bionic Playboy bunny! The plot-line about the dictator wanting to kidnap "The Moronic Woman" so that he could make out with a superwoman (as a change of pace, y'understand) is a debasing of woman's true role on earth. Jaime Sommars has a much higher moral standard than just pleasing men, bionics or no bionics! Besides, the show is broadcast during *the* Family Hour. I thought I was going to read a fine satire. What I got was a crock.

R. Outlaw
Starkville, Miss.

I think Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo blew their brain fuses and disconnected their talent charges and so created "The Moronic Woman"! I'm fused to your mag forever.

Margo Berman
Livingston, N.J.

"Moronic Woman" came on strong. I got a charge out of it!

Mike Law
Indian River
Ont., Canada

I got six million volts of laughter out of it!

Bob Thieling
St. Paul, Minn.

Drucker and De Bartolo made a bionic boo-boo!

Dan Walters
Kentwood, Mi.

I thought of a new exercise for her; skipping rope with jumper cables.

Ted Knapp
Boulder, Colo.

It wasn't worth one Kubookie!

Tim Davis
Tucson, Ariz.

I read it and blew a fuse!

Mike Bender
Pasadena, Texas

YOUR MONEY BACK!

That's right! If you're not absolutely satisfied with your ready-for-framing (or wrapping fish) full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid...tough!! Just console yourself with the fact that you put YOUR MONEY BACK...into circulation! So act now and help the economy! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

A MAD HISTORY OF MEDICINE

I take exception to your remarks about the A.M.A. and American physicians. Where else but in America can you get the top quality of medical care? It seems you are typical of many who run to a physician when you are ill and malign his profession for a laugh.

Mrs. James Loeffler
Wichita, Kansas

A "MAD History of Medicine" gave me a clean bill of laughs.

Fred Cottrell
Wilmington, Del.

I dispute Larry Siegel's antiquated notion that "medical schools carry on the fine tradition of keeping out minority groups". Today, medical schools strive to attract minority students, and women are also well represented in the medical school classes throughout the nation.

Avery Summer
Saginaw, Mich.

Would knowing your physician read MAD increase or decrease your confidence in him?

Irma Zwan
West Vancouver, B.C.

Larry Siegel's "A MAD History Of Medicine" succeeded at making me ill!

Todd Kermit
San Carlos, Calif.

LATE ONE AFTERNOON LAST JANUARY

That poor dog in Don Martin's "Late One Afternoon Last January". What a way to go!

Tom Pritchard
Ocean Grove, N.J.

Confucius say to Don Martin: Man who walks dog into deep snowbank come home with frozen Pupsicle.

Donna Zwerin
New York, N.Y.

MAD'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR 1976

Frank Jacobs's "MAD's Christmas Carols For The 1976 Holiday Season" were so catchy, I started caroling around the house. My father threatened to take away my MAD subscription and give me voice lessons instead.

Dennis Disberger
Hutchinson, Kan.

While contemplating Frank Jacobs's wondrous "Carols", it dawned on me that I've seen Paul Coker's accompanying art style on many greeting cards in the stores. What sort of Christmas greetings does Mr. Coker send to his friends, may I ask?

Ted Poley
Ramsey, N.J.

Paul Coker's President-Elect Santa, Christmas 1976.

Frank Jacobs's "Christmas Carols" were so funny, I went door to door singing them. Somehow, they were not appreciated on Thanksgiving Day.

David Furlin
Bloomingburg, N.Y.

After reading "MAD's Christmas Carols", I got to thinking that Frank Jacobs must be the wittiest poet in the U.S.A. Luckily, I live in Canada!

Russel Dyck
Winnipeg, Man.
Canada

A MAD LOOK AT THE TENNIS SET

Paul Peter Porges's "A MAD Look At The Tennis Set" scored an ace with me.

Eric Wishnie
Clearwater, Fla.

Your "Tennis Set" was a smash. It was volley in-ter-es-ting!

Gordon Andersen
Vancouver, B.C.

RICKARD'S BIONIC DUO COVER

I got quite a shock from Jack Rickard's bionic duo cover. I ought to sue you for assault with batteries!

Emilio Di Simone
Ozone Park, N.Y.

J.R.'s cover for the Bionics was re-VOLTingly funny!

Ray Smith
DeKalb, Ill.

NO WONDER WE'RE ALL SCREWED UP!

"No Wonder We're All Screwed Up!", by Silverstone and Rickard, is MAD's uncompromising social conscience that shows kids what contradictions and hypocrisies and duplicities they must contend with, even in "the best country in the world"!

Karen Kerns
Denver, Colo.

Maybe our young people *would* get an insight into trust and humanity if our newspapers devoted Page One to the crying need for burn victim treatment centers and relegated the demands and rights of a convicted killer to a more remote section.

Mrs. Regis Lavinneau
Fairbanks, Alaska

Silverstone and Rickard captured it beautifully with their pairings of bewildered little faces and cruel cold press headlines: *Who* to believe? *What* to believe?

Nigel Johnson
South Bend, Ind.

MAD DOUBLE FEATURE

Your "MAD Double Feature" made me barf twice as much as I usually do when I read your movie satires!

Bruce Muni, Jr.
Hazlet, N.J.

After all the "curse words" you used in Patton, The Godfather, and Dog Day Afternoon, it's a #!%&@* wonder you had any left for "Bears"!

Charles Bonnen
E. Lansing, Mich.

"The Bad-Mouth Bears" was all hits and no errors!

John Edwards
Belleville, Ont.
Canada

Jack Davis and Stan Hart knocked "The Bad-Mouth Bears" right out of the park!

Julian Flaum
Canoga Park, Calif.

MAD'S MODERN MEDICINE MINI-POSTER

Your "AMA" Mini-Poster was a fairly accurate representation of what unfortunately goes on at hospitals nowadays. In order to be entirely fair, you might have depicted a medical student with money pouring out of a catheter into a bag marked "tuition", as it, like medical costs, is increasing by leaps and bounds annually. Larry Siegel's "History Of Medicine" was also a most entertaining offering. His comment on more people reading the Surgeon General's warning reminded me of the disquieting fact that all of the lecturers in my pulmonary medicine seminars *chain-smoked* all through their talks.

Mark D. Grebenau
MD/PhD Candidate '78
NYU School of Medicine
New York, N.Y.

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☐ More MAD About Sports
☐ MAD's Talking Stamps
☐ MAD Word Power
☐ The MAD Jumble Book
☐ Politically MAD
☐ MAD Cradle to Grave Primer
☐ The MAD Book of Revenge
☐ MAD's Turned-On Zoo
☐ Clods' Letters To MAD

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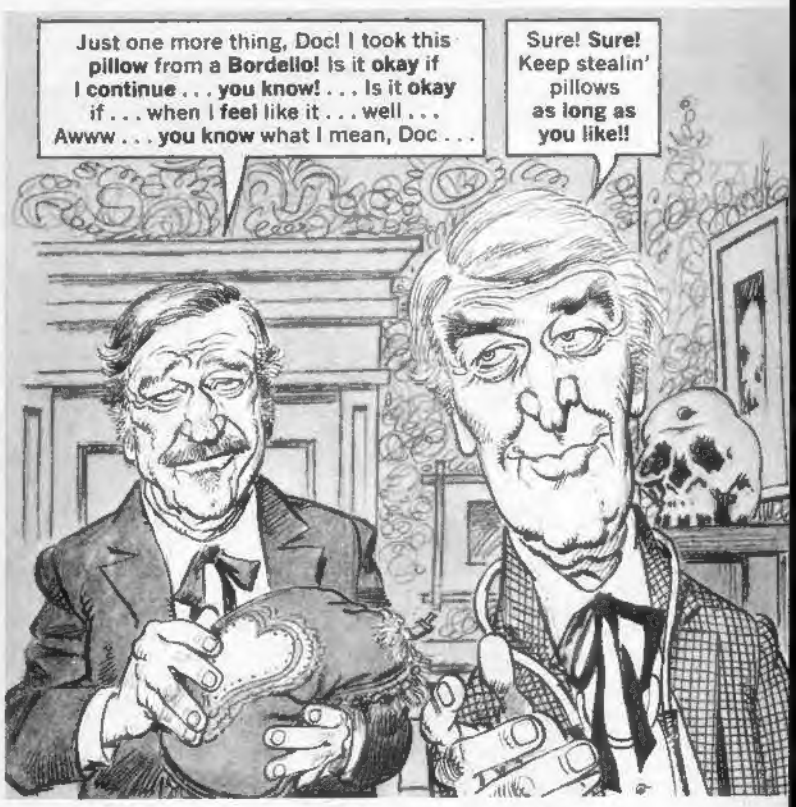
WAYNE ON THE WANE DEPT.

There's a new "John Wayne" movie around in which John Wayne *dies!* Sure, he died in lots of other movies, but in this one, he dies of *bullets* ALONG WITH the *dialogue!* See what we mean in MAD's version of

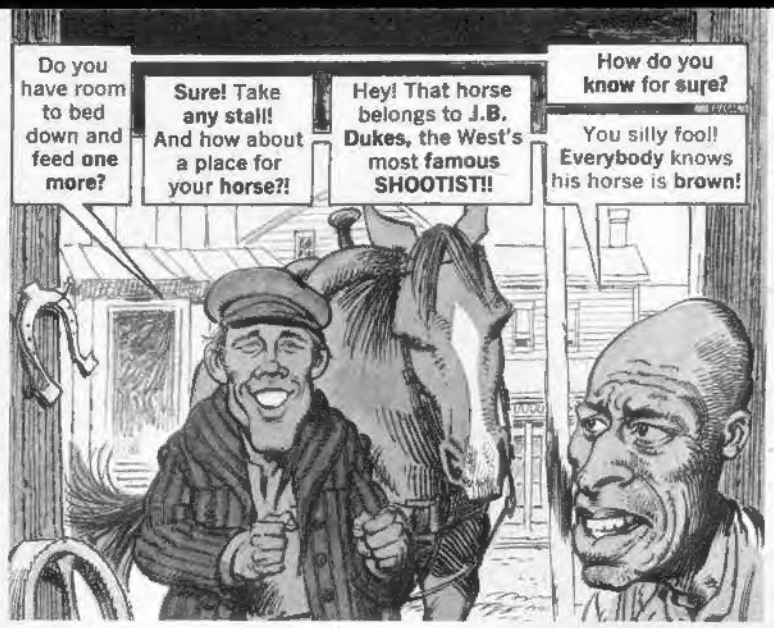
The S

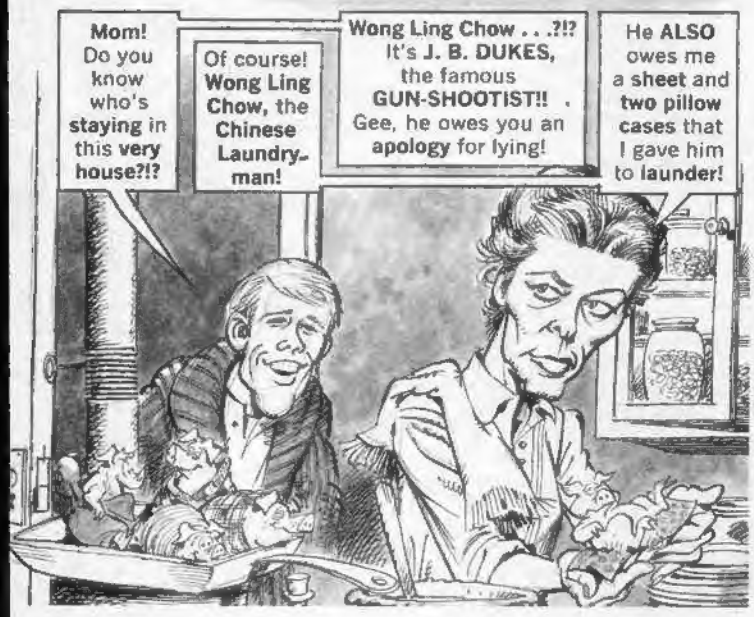
HOOTIEST

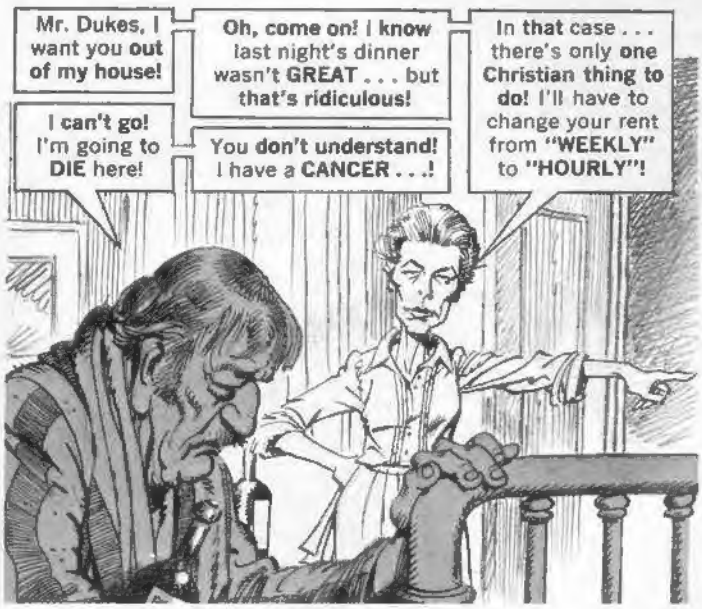
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

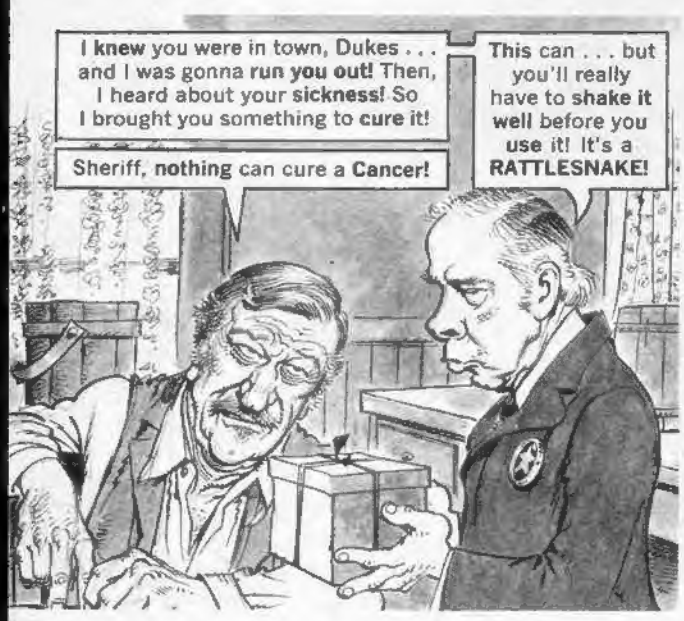


As long as you're staying, I'd like to know your name!
Er . . . my name is Wong Ling Chow!
And your business?
I'm a Chinese Laundryman!
Well, you sound very honest!
Just chalk it up to my Oriental inscrutability!


Do you have room to bed down and feed one more?
Sure! Take any stall! And how about a place for your horse?!
Hey! That horse belongs to J.B. Dukes, the West's most famous SHOOTIST!!
How do you know for sure?
You silly fool! Everybody knows his horse is brown!

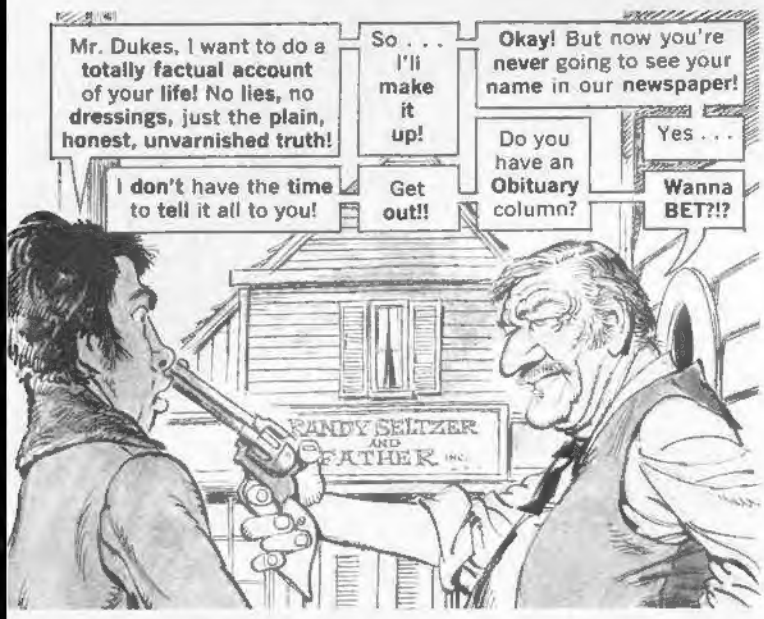

Mom! Do you know who's staying in this very house?!?
Of course! Wong Ling Chow, the Chinese Laundryman!
Wong Ling Chow . . .?!? It's J. B. DUKES, the famous GUN-SHOOTIST!! Gee, he owes you an apology for lying!
He ALSO owes me a sheet and two pillow cases that I gave him to launder!


Mr. Dukes, I want you out of my house!
I can't go! I'm going to DIE here!
Oh, come on! I know last night's dinner wasn't GREAT . . . but that's ridiculous!
You don't understand! I have a CANCER . . .!
In that case . . . there's only one Christian thing to do! I'll have to change your rent from "WEEKLY" to "HOURLY"!

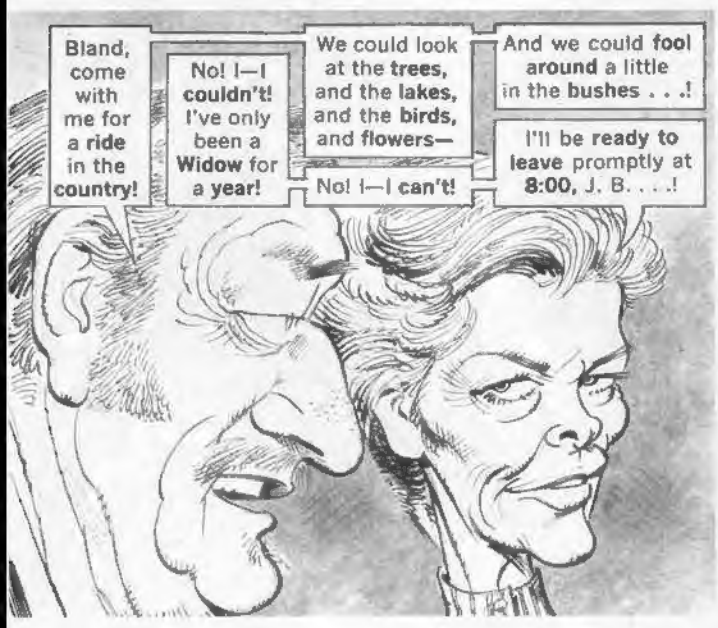

I knew you were in town, Dukes . . . and I was gonna run you out! Then, I heard about your sickness! So I brought you something to cure it!
Sheriff, nothing can cure a Cancer!
This can . . . but you'll really have to shake it well before you use it! It's a RATTLESNAKE!

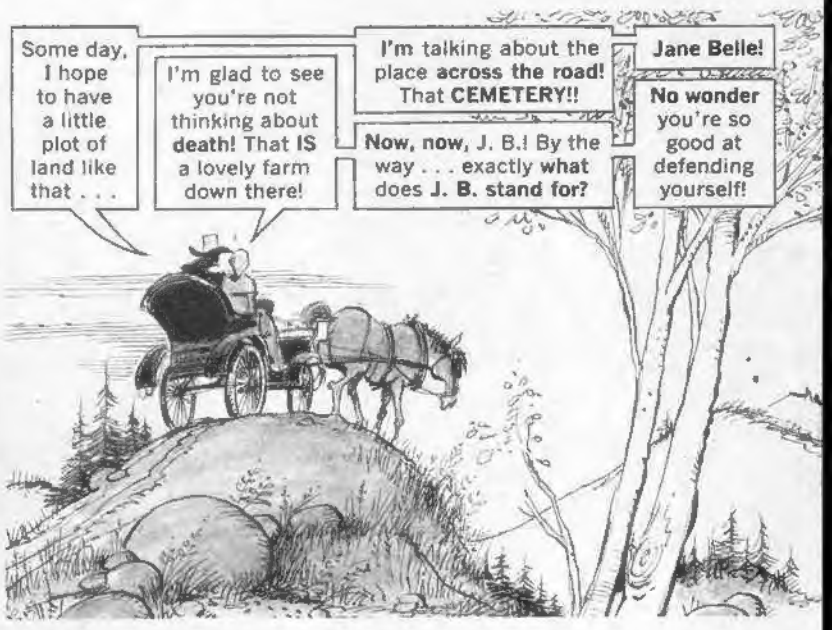
I'm Bobkins from "The Daily Press"!
If you're here to sell subscriptions, you better have a special 3-day rate!
No, Mr. Dukes! I'm here to do your life story! I can guarantee it'll hit the FRONT PAGE!
Oh, yeah? How can you guarantee that . . .?!?
Because "The Daily Press" is a very small paper! We only HAVE a front page!!

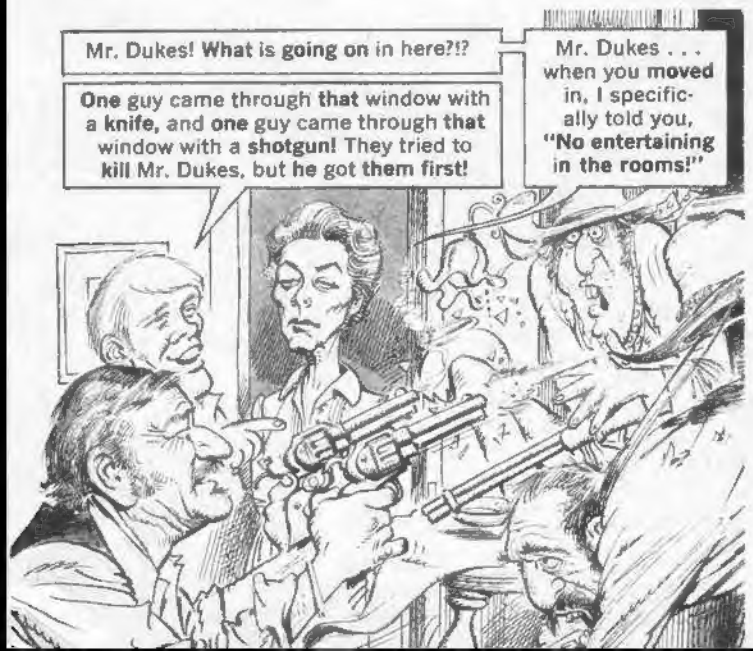
COFF!
COFF!
COFF!!
COFF!!

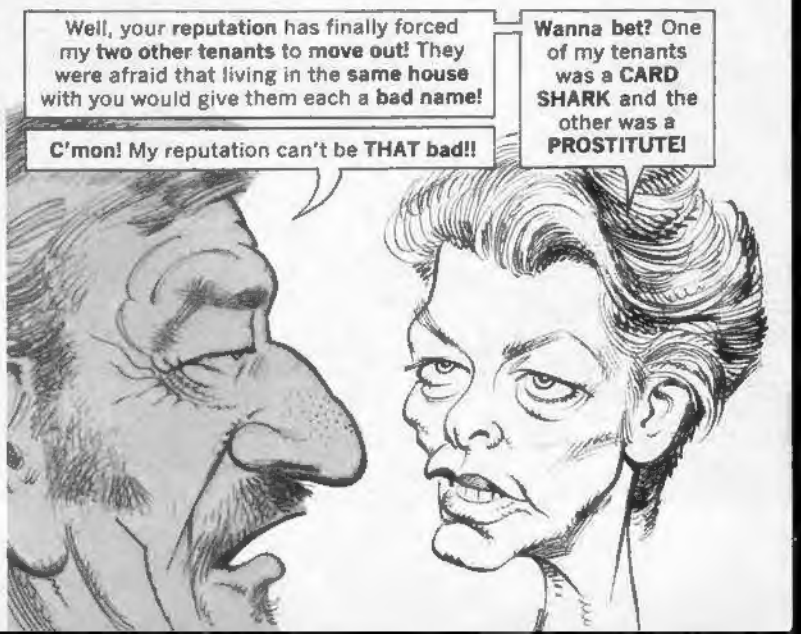

Mr. Dukes, I want to do a totally factual account of your life! No lies, no dressings, just the plain, honest, unvarnished truth!
So . . . I'll make it up!
Okay! But now you're never going to see your name in our newspaper!
I don't have the time to tell it all to you!
Get out!!
Do you have an Obituary column?
Yes . . .
Wanna BET?!?
RANDY SEITZER AND FATHER INC.

Doc . . . I want you to tell me straight out! How bad is it gonna get?
Well, it's gonna hit your spine and hips first! Then . . . your groin! You won't be able to stand up after a while! Your head will start to throb, and your ears will feel like they're exploding off your skull! You'll be screaming out loud a lot in sheer agony! And then the PAIN will start!
Then the pain will START?!? What's all that other stuff?!?
Severe symptoms!


Bland, come with me for a ride in the country!
No! I—I couldn't! I've only been a Widow for a year!
We could look at the trees, and the lakes, and the birds, and flowers—
No! I—I can't!
And we could fool around a little in the bushes . . .!
I'll be ready to leave promptly at 8:00, J. B. . . .!


Some day, I hope to have a little plot of land like that . . .
I'm glad to see you're not thinking about death! That IS a lovely farm down there!
I'm talking about the place across the road! That CEMETERY!!
Now, now, J. B.! By the way . . . exactly what does J. B. stand for?
Jane Belle!
No wonder you're so good at defending yourself!


Mr. Dukes! What is going on in here?!?
One guy came through that window with a knife, and one guy came through that window with a shotgun! They tried to kill Mr. Dukes, but he got them first!
Mr. Dukes . . . when you moved in, I specifically told you, "No entertaining in the rooms!"


Well, your reputation has finally forced my two other tenants to move out! They were afraid that living in the same house with you would give them each a bad name!
C'mon! My reputation can't be THAT bad!!
Wanna bet? One of my tenants was a CARD SHARK and the other was a PROSTITUTE!

Killem . . . how **dare** you try to **sell** my **horse** without my **consent?!?**

I was only trying to help my **Mom!** You're **five hours behind** in the **rent**, y'know . . . !

In **that** case, I **forgive you!** How would you like me to give you a **shooting lesson?**

Great! But you'll have to use **MY GUNS! I sold yours!**

Wow! Six bullet holes . . . in a **perfect, straight line!!**

That's why they call me **"The World's Greatest Shootist"!!**

Then I wonder **what** they're gonna call **ME?!?** Those are **MY SIX SHOTS!! Yours all MISSED!!**

What do you **mean**, you want to charge **$50** to **bury** me?!? You'll make **ten times** that amount from the **people** who'll want to see me **dead!** No . . . **you'll** pay **ME $100!**

Okay! **Okay!** Boy, **thirty years** in the **Undertaking business**, and this is the **first time** I've ever had an **argument on price** with the **CORPSE!!**

Gee, Mr. Dukes, **thanks a lot** for giving me **permission** to **sell** these **locks of hair** that I just trimmed off your head as **SOUVENIRS!**

You go **right ahead! I don't mind!** It's just that—well—are you **sure** all that **hair** is from **ME?!?**

GET A REAL LOCK OF J.B. Dukes' HAIR
YOUR CHOICE OF COLORS AND LENGTHS

Killem, I want you to run an **errand** for me! I want you to go find the **three men I hate the most**, and tell them to be at **The Silver Nugget Saloon** on **Monday morning at 11:00!**

Boy, you're **some brave man!**

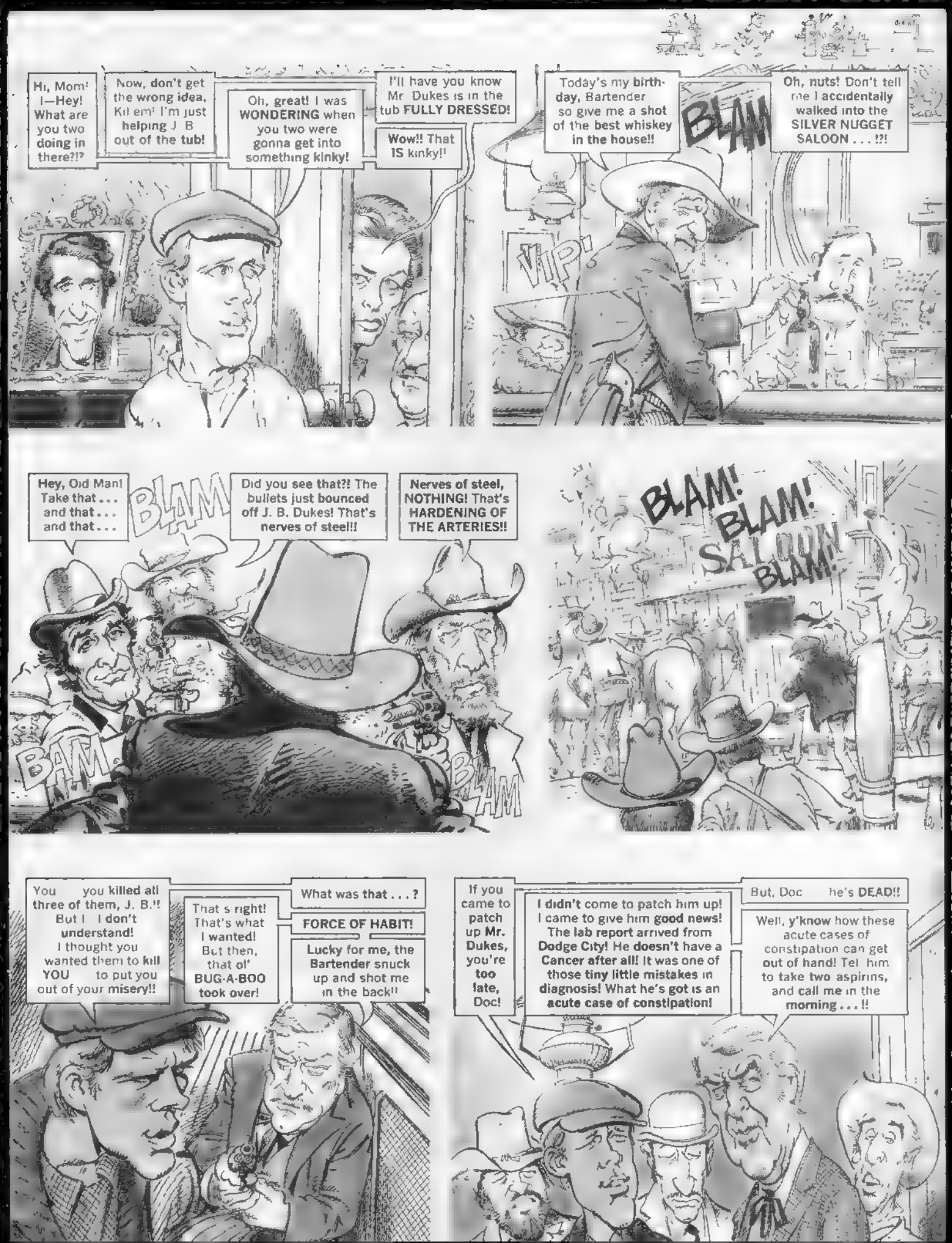
Not really! Because on **Monday morning at 11:00, I'LL** be at the **Golden Slipper Saloon!**

Mr. Dukes, here's the **tombstone** you ordered! I'm **real sorry**, but they forgot to put the **DATE** on it!

And they **ALSO** forgot to put your **NAME** on it!

And they **ALSO** forgot to **SHAPE** it like a **tombstone!**

In **other** words . . . you just brought me a **big, flat ROCK!!**


Hi, Mom! I—Hey! What are you two doing in there?!?
Now, don't get the wrong idea, Kil em! I'm just helping J B out of the tub!
Oh, great! I was WONDERING when you two were gonna get into something kinky!
I'll have you know Mr Dukes is in the tub FULLY DRESSED!
Wow!! That IS kinky!!
Today's my birthday, Bartender so give me a shot of the best whiskey in the house!!
BLAM
Oh, nuts! Don't tell me I accidentally walked into the SILVER NUGGET SALOON . . . !?!
VIP!
Hey, Old Man! Take that . . . and that . . . and that . . .
BLAM
Did you see that?! The bullets just bounced off J. B. Dukes! That's nerves of steel!!
Nerves of steel, NOTHING! That's HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES!!
BAM
BLAM
BLAM! BLAM! SALOON BLAM!
You you killed all three of them, J. B.!! But I I don't understand! I thought you wanted them to kill YOU to put you out of your misery!!
That s right! That's what I wanted! But then, that ol' BUG-A-BOO took over!
What was that . . . ?
FORCE OF HABIT!
Lucky for me, the Bartender snuck up and shot me in the back!!
If you came to patch up Mr. Dukes, you're too late, Doc!
I didn't come to patch him up! I came to give him good news! The lab report arrived from Dodge City! He doesn't have a Cancer after all! It was one of those tiny little mistakes in diagnosis! What he's got is an acute case of constipation!
But, Doc he's DEAD!!
Well, y'know how these acute cases of constipation can get out of hand! Tel him to take two aspirins, and call me in the morning . . . !!

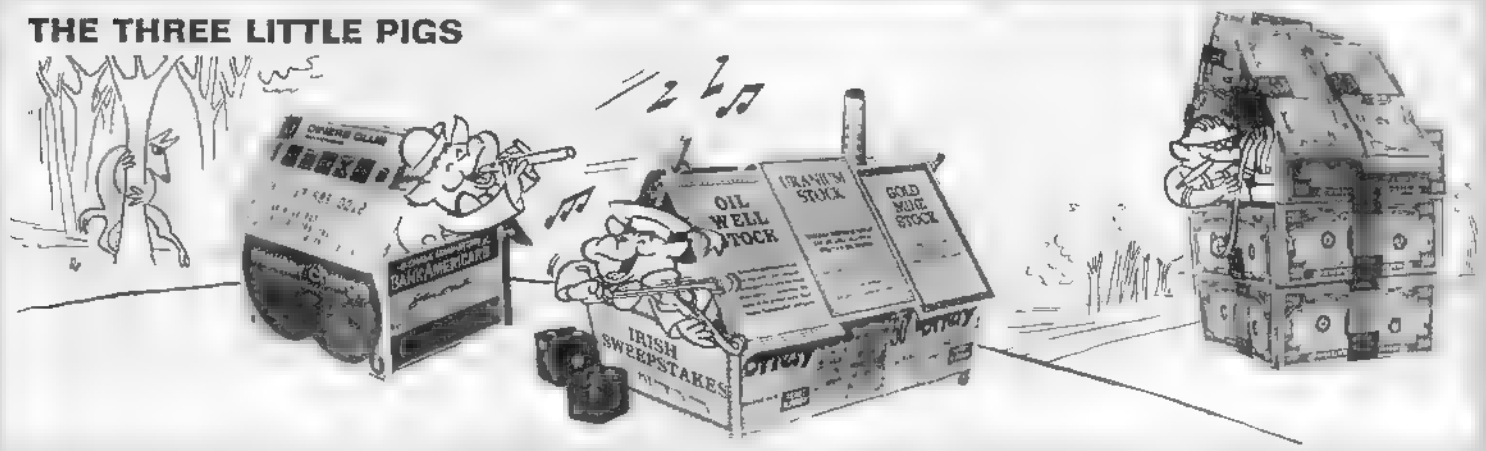
STORY ADAPTATIONS DEPT.

Here is MAD's interpretation of how they would look, act and adapt

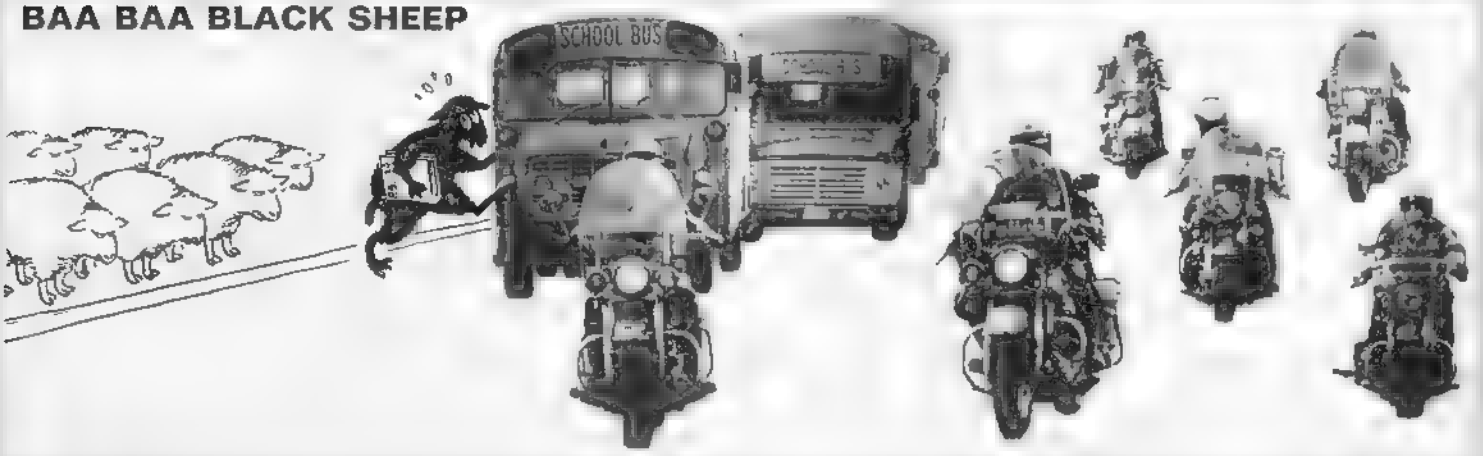
IF FICTIONAL CHARA
IN THE "REA

DON QUIXOTE

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP



themselves...

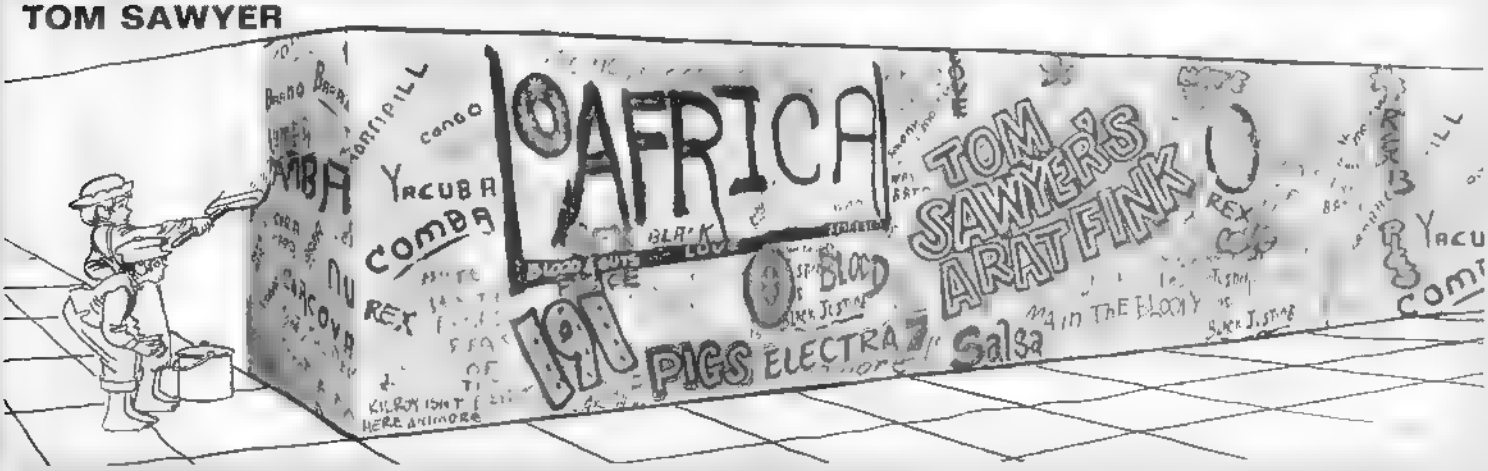
CTERS LIVED L'' WORLD OF TODAY

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

ALADDIN

MARY POPPINS

TOM SAWYER



PHOTOS BY U P I

THE PIED PIPER

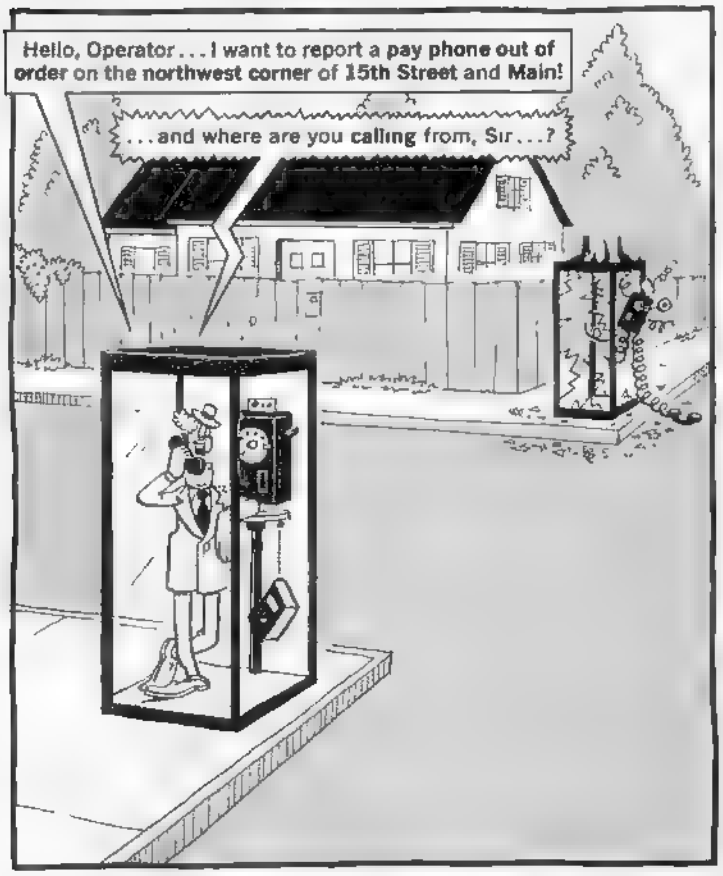
PINOCCHIO

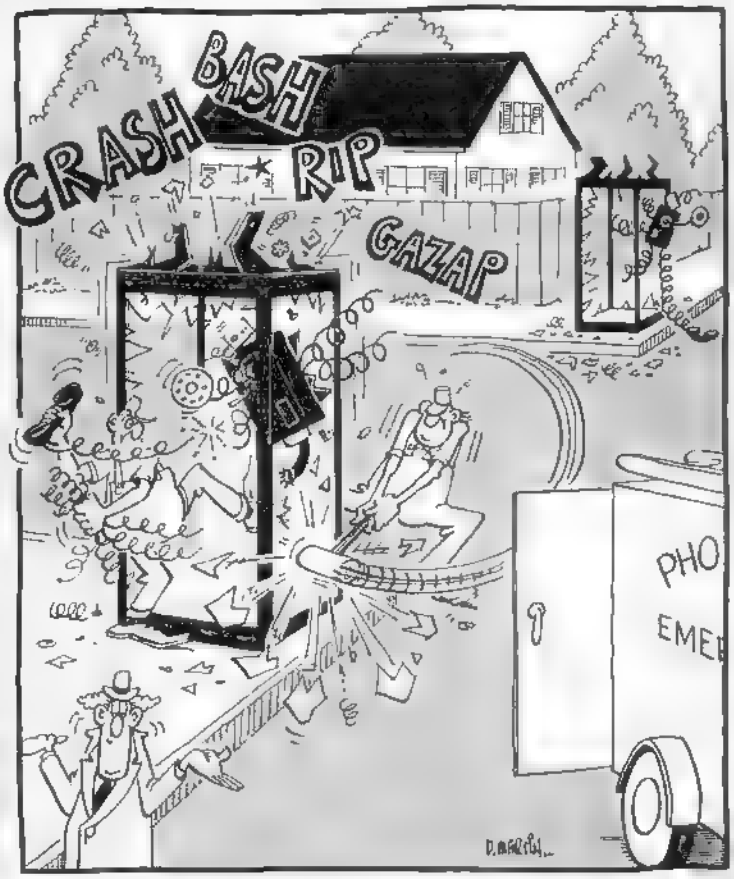
LINUS

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER AND FRIENDS

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE TUESDAY MORNING ON MAIN STREET





The Editors Of MAD Magazine Regret To Announce The Following Nothing Article Containing Boring

MAD "DEATH" A

Cosmo Birnbaum
Having Rejected
The Meaningless Values
Of A Materialistic World
Filled With Greed
And Spiritual Decay
Herewith Announces
His Loss Of Interest
In Everything
On Monday, The Fourth Of August
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Jasper Weinrat
Having Tried Unsuccessfully
Every Tonic
And Ointment
Known To Medical Science
Announces Sorrowfully
The Death Of All Hope
And His Final Acceptance Of
The Undeniable Fact
That He Is Hopelessly Bald
As Of Thursday, The Ninth Of October
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Melvin Melville
Following The Cancellation
Of His
Master Charge, BankAmericard
Diners Club, American Express
And TWA Get-Away Cards
Regrets To Announce
The Passing
Of His Former Life-Style
On Friday, The Third Of October
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Wanda Latour
Following Two-And-One-Half-Years
Of Insatiable Gluttony
During Which Her Svelte-Like Figure
Has Ballooned Into A Mountain Of Fat
Sadly Announces
The End Of Her Desirability
Saturday, The First Of November
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Monroe Moffat
Owner And Proprietor
Of Moffat's Neighborhood Grocery
Having Been Price Squeezed
By A New Food World Across The Street
And Crushed
By The Shop-A-Rama Down The Block
Mournfully Announces
The Death Of His Business
On Saturday, The Thirteenth Of September
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Waxrush
Following The Birth
Of Three Children
In Slightly Less Than Five Years
Have No Choice
But To Announce
Their Loss Of Faith
In Family Planning
As Of Tuesday The Eleventh Of November
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Material Based On An Absurd Premise Which Is Being Published Because Of A Lack Of Anything Better

NNOUNCEMENTS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Contad Blyte
Having Sustained
Considerable Pain And Anguish
Following Two Burglaries
A Sidewalk Mugging
And A Tornado
Which Leveled His Mobile Home
Outside Wichita
Announces The End
Of His Belief In God
Tuesday, The Sixteenth Of October
Nineteenth Hundred And Seventy-Five

Someone
Who Is Male, White
About Thirty Years Of Age
And Who Awoke Three Days Ago
In A Furnished Room
In Pittsburgh
Herewith Announces
The Loss Of His Memory
Sometime Around
Wednesday, The Tenth Of September
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr. And Mrs. Grover Feldheim
Are Saddened To Announce
The Death
For All Intents And Purposes
Of Their Son
Sidney
Following His Elopement
With That Fortune-Hunting Slut
Of A Belly-Dancer
From San Francisco
On Tuesday, The Ninth Of September
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Fenwich Culpepper
Is Saddened Beyond Belief
To Announce The Death
Of His Twenty-One-Inch Zenith
Picture Tube
During An Especially Exciting
Volleyball Instant Replay
On ABC's Wide World Of Sports
Saturday The Twelfth Of July
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr And Mrs. Quincy Van Freen III
Following A Steady Influx
Of Blacks,
Jews, Italians
And Other Undesirable
Ethnic Groups
Regret To Announce
The Death Of Their Neighborhood
On Monday, The Fourth Of August
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

The Combined Television Networks
Having Noted The Commercial Appeal
Of Tasteless Shows
That Are Poorly Produced, Badly Written
And Feature Inane Plots
Cheapened By Inspid Dialogue
Announce The Final Death
Of All Plans For
Quality TV Programming
As Of Friday, The Third Of October
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

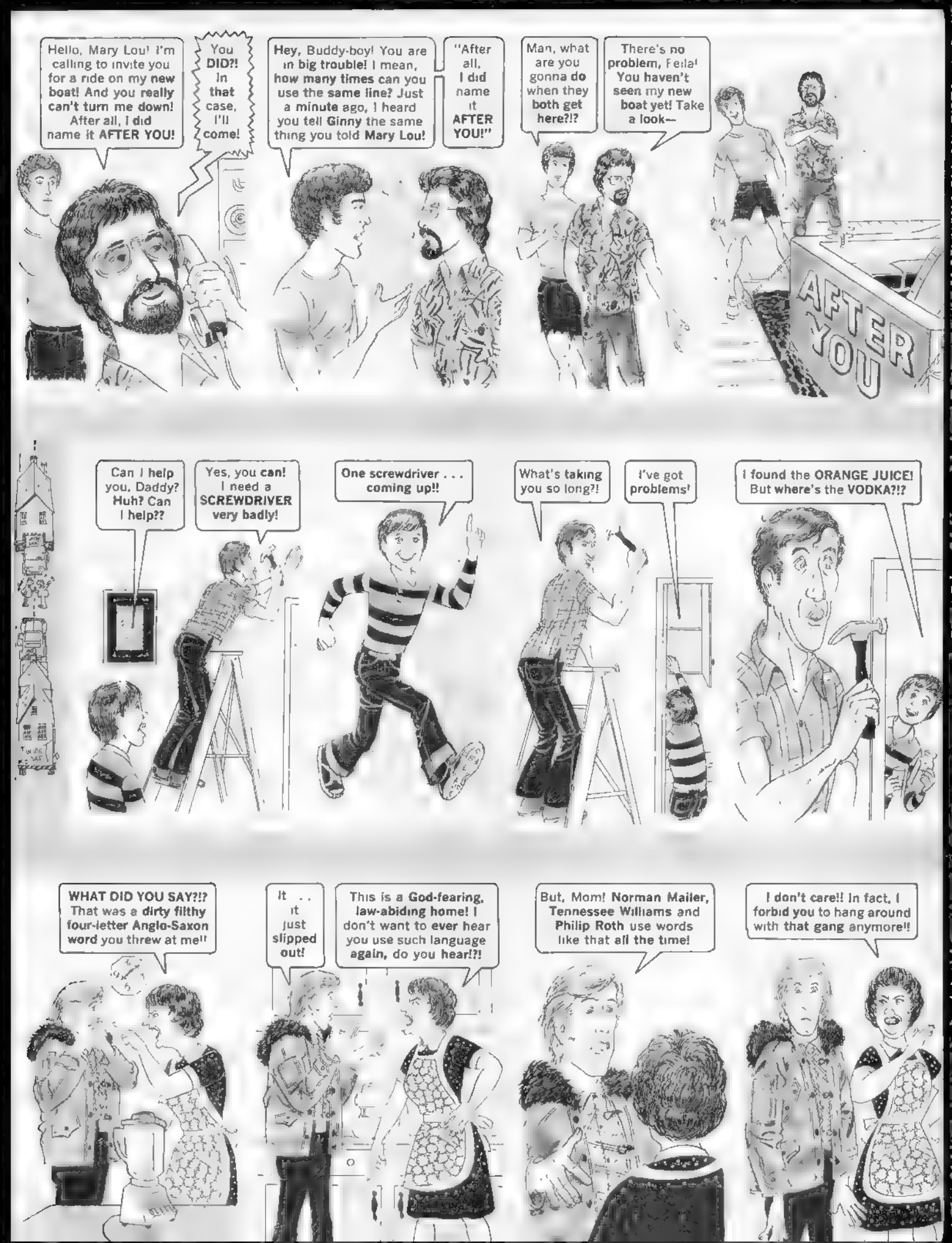
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... GQ

OFS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

O.K.! O.K.! What happened here?
This lunkhead crashed into my rear fender just as I was making a right turn!!
It was all her fault! She . . . she SIGNALED!!
Oh . . .? And she gave the WRONG signal?
No, she gave the RIGHT signal . . .!!
That's what CONFUSED me!
Waiter, do you have a match . . .?
No, sir . . . but I'll get one for you!
The gentleman at table four would like a match!
A MATCH?! This is a fine restaurant with fine patrons! Matches are gauche! You should carry a fancy lighter so you can service our customers! Here—you can borrow mine!
Here you are, sir!
What good is THAT?!?
I can't pick my TEETH with a LIGHTER!!
Do you know how much of our income taxes goes to paying Welfare?! Okay, we should take care of our indigent!
But I resent paying for those BROOD SOWS who keep knocking out one illegitimate kid after another!
HOW DARE YOU CALL A WOMAN A "BROOD SOW"!! NO PERSON SHOULD BE COMPARED TO AN ANIMAL, YOU MALE CHAUVINIST—
—pig?


Hello, Mary Lou! I'm calling to invite you for a ride on my new boat! And you really can't turn me down! After all, I did name it AFTER YOU!
You DID?! In that case, I'll come!
Hey, Buddy-boy! You are in big trouble! I mean, how many times can you use the same line? Just a minute ago, I heard you tell Ginny the same thing you told Mary Lou!
"After all, I did name it AFTER YOU!"
Man, what are you gonna do when they both get here?!?
There's no problem, Fella! You haven't seen my new boat yet! Take a look—
AFTER YOU
Can I help you, Daddy? Huh? Can I help??
Yes, you can! I need a SCREWDRIVER very badly!
One screwdriver . . . coming up!!
What's taking you so long?!
I've got problems!
I found the ORANGE JUICE! But where's the VODKA?!?
WHAT DID YOU SAY?!? That was a dirty filthy four-letter Anglo-Saxon word you threw at me!!
It . . . it just slipped out!
This is a God-fearing, law-abiding home! I don't want to ever hear you use such language again, do you hear!?!
But, Mom! Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams and Philip Roth use words like that all the time!
I don't care!! In fact, I forbid you to hang around with that gang anymore!!

I can't wait to tell Harriet!!

Hi, Harriet! This is Marion! Have I got dirt for you! You know that Viola Foogle? Well, I just heard her Husband is a Transvestite . . . and she's making it with her Golf Pro! And you know how she claims she's 29?! Well, she's almost 40!

Boy . . . have I got Viola's number!!

You sure DO . . .!

THIS IS VIOLA!!

I GOT IT!!

I GOT IT!!

Now, I'm gonna get it!

Look at me! I'm—I'm FAT! F-A-T—FAT!! For the life of me, I can't lose weight!

I go on diets! Regularly! But after a day of starving, I get so darn hungry, I start stuffing myself!

Excuse me, Lady . . . but I haven't eaten in two days!

Oh, that's marvelous!

I admire your will-power!

David Berg

In order to boost sagging business while cutting costs and increasing profits, a major airline recently offered "No-Frills Service" with ads that looked something like this:

THERE'S NO "PIE-IN-THE-SKY" WITH

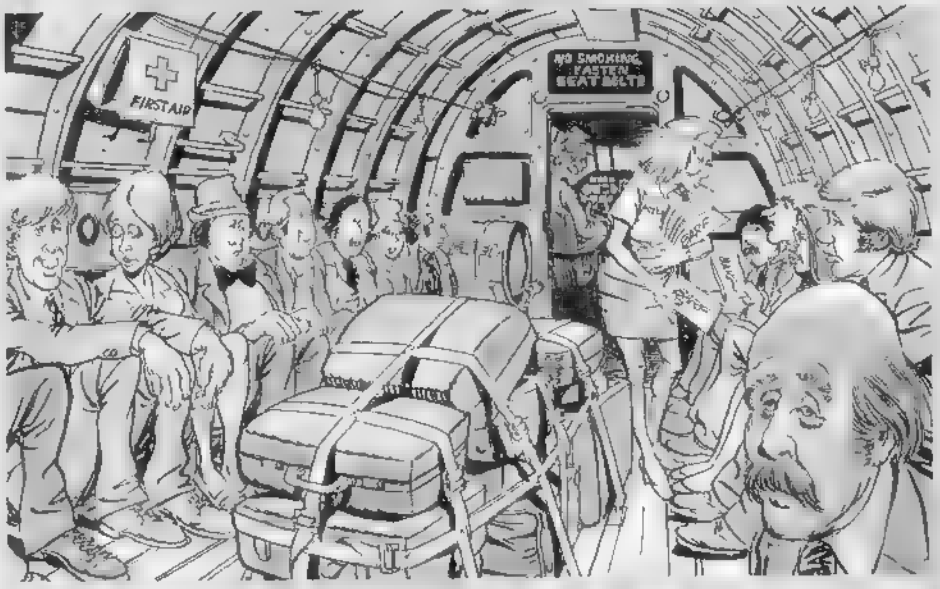
Irrational Airlines

THERE ISN'T EVEN COFFEE! IN FACT, THERE ISN'T EVEN A MEAL!

JUST THE LOWEST FARES POSSIBLE

WITH OUR "NO-FRILLS SERVICE"

You want pie and coffee? Or a meal, maybe? Go to a Diner! We're not in the Restaurant business! We fly you to where you want to go cheaper than anyone else because we charge you only for transportation! F'rinstance, we've got the ugliest Stewardesses (we pay minimum wages!), the flimsiest barf bags (you know how much plastic-lined ones cost?) and reconditioned life preservers (why pay for new equipment when we all know if the plane goes down, there's no getting out!) And all this inferior service SAVES YOU MONEY!



FLY HIGH
PAY LOW...ON

Irrational Airlines

While MAD is the last to praise anything, especially advertising gimmicks, we must say there *is* something to this concept of stripping away the "extras" and just charging for the necessities when offering a service. In fact, here are the kind of ads we'd see . . .

IF OTHER BUSINESSES OFFERED "NO-FRILLS" SERVICE

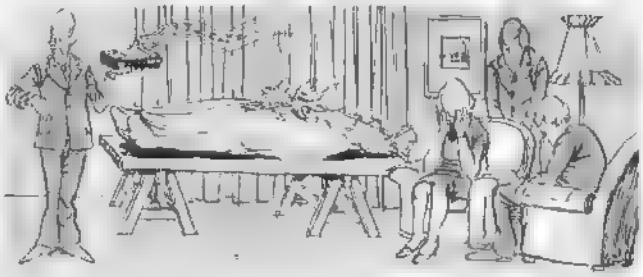
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

SAVE 40% ON YOUR NEXT SAD OCCASION WITH A... SHIVERSIDE "NO-FRILLS" FUNERAL.

DON'T BE A "CASKET CASE"!

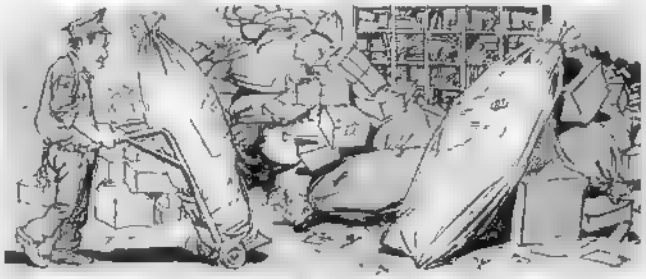
Why blow your hard-earned money, or dip into that inheritance (which God knows you waited long enough for!) on an expensive coffin you'll never see again? Your dear departed is in no position to care about "looks" or "style"! Shiverside lays him to rest in something far less elaborate, but even more durable...one of our ultra heavy duty king-size "Baggie-Byes." It's guaranteed to out-last wood or metal, and we'll give you a choice of twist-ties in four decorator colors.

A "HOME" IS NOT A "HOUSE"!



If his own living room was good enough for the deceased when he was alive, it's certainly good enough for him now when he isn't! The funeral services will be conducted by someone who has been certified to have completed at least two years of Sunday School, or who has been Bar Mitzvah'd. A cassette tape of some nice organ music will be played throughout the ceremony at absolutely no extra charge.

A "PLOT" TO SAVE YOU PLENTY



Forget the skyrocketing cost of cemetery plots! Thanks to recent Federal regulatsons, Shiverside will arrange for a place for your dear departed on United States Government property at absolutely NO COST TO YOU! We merely mail the full "Baggie-Bye" to a non-existant address, include insufficient postage with no return address, and it ends up in the "Dead Letter" office. Talk about rest in peace!

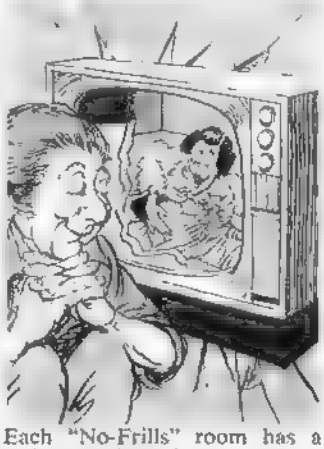
AT SHIVERSIDE...WE *BURY* THE HIGH COST OF FUNERALS!

WHAT HAS SHARADIN DONE FOR YOU LATELY...? THE "NO FRILLS" HOTEL PLAN! THAT'S WHAT!

QUARTERS MEAN BUCKS

Each "No-Frills" room has two closets. One is your bedroom. The other is your neighbor's bedroom. Frills like desks and bathrooms have been done away with. *Our exclusive giant towel-roll eliminates expensive pilferage.*

VIEW WITH ECONOMY



Each "No-Frills" room has a TV set. No tube—just a set placed over a hole in your neighbor's wall so you can sit up and watch them in a real-life situation comedy. *And if you're lucky, you may be able to catch an "X-rated" show*

SAVE WITH STEPS

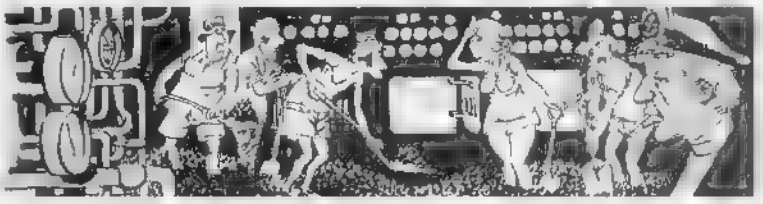
Smart travelers agree that elevators are dumb because they only go up and down. For real economy, we offer our "Self Service Stairs". Climb your way to savings. *Cripples are hauled up on our unused window-washer's scaffold.*

CASH IN ON CARRY

There's no tipping because there's no one to tip. No doormen, no bellhops, no waiters, no maids. Besides, carrying your own luggage is really good exercise. *Just take it easy! "No-Frills" also means "No House Doctors"!*

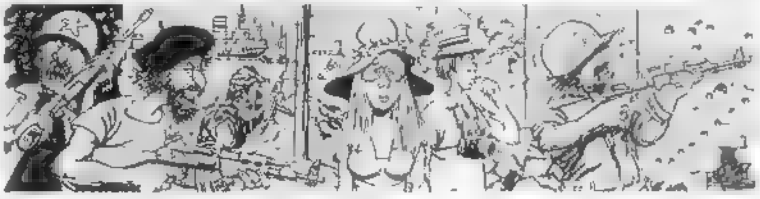
YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LOW LOW "SALE" PRICES ON...
CONARD'S "NO-FRILLS" CRUISES

WHO really pays for a Ship Captain's $75,000 annual salary? You do! So we've cut down on needless expenses like Captains, and instituted Conard's "No-Frills Passenger Participation Plan." Under Conard's "N.F.P.P.", passengers take turns running the ship. It's easy and it's fun! All you have to remember is "Port" is "left" "Starboard" is "right" . . . or is it the other way around . . . ?



WHY bring the unnecessary luxuries of land to the high seas? You can be pampered every day of the year in hotels and restaurants. We save you money by eliminating "Table Service." Instead, our "No-Frills American Plan" offers Buffet-Style meals to passengers and crew at the same time. Get the feel of the "Bounding Main" as you battle for food morsels with our hanger-crazed Moroccan crews.

WHERE should you go—where everyone else goes? The more popular the port, the less popular the price! From Argentina to Angola . . . from Lebanon to Portugal . . . there are always exotic places where political unrest and rioting are dragging prices way, way, down. And that's where Conard will be sailing to! You'll get to understand the lives of the natives while trying to keep your own!



CONARD THE ONLY WORLD WAR II TROOPSHIP FLEET AFLOAT

"Getting Half-Way There Can Be Almost As Much Fun!"

NOW YOU CAN FIGHT THE SPIRALING COSTS OF MEDICAL CARE WITH OUR
NO-FRILLS SURGICAL PLAN

WE ELIMINATE UNNECESSARY EXTRAS . . . LIKE ANESTHESIA

By eliminating such unnecessary extras as anesthesia, our "No Frills Surgical Plan" lets you really experience your operation while permitting you to keep an eye on your Surgeon so he doesn't remove something he's not supposed to!

HOSPITAL ROOM EXPENSES ARE SLASHED, SLASHED, SLASHED

After your operation, we don't baby you with a hospital bed. You bring a bridge chair from home, and we set it up where you're comfortable—without paying for a private or semi-private room like out in the hall corridor where the "action" is

WE CUT DOWN THE HIGH COST OF UNEATEN HOSPITAL FOOD

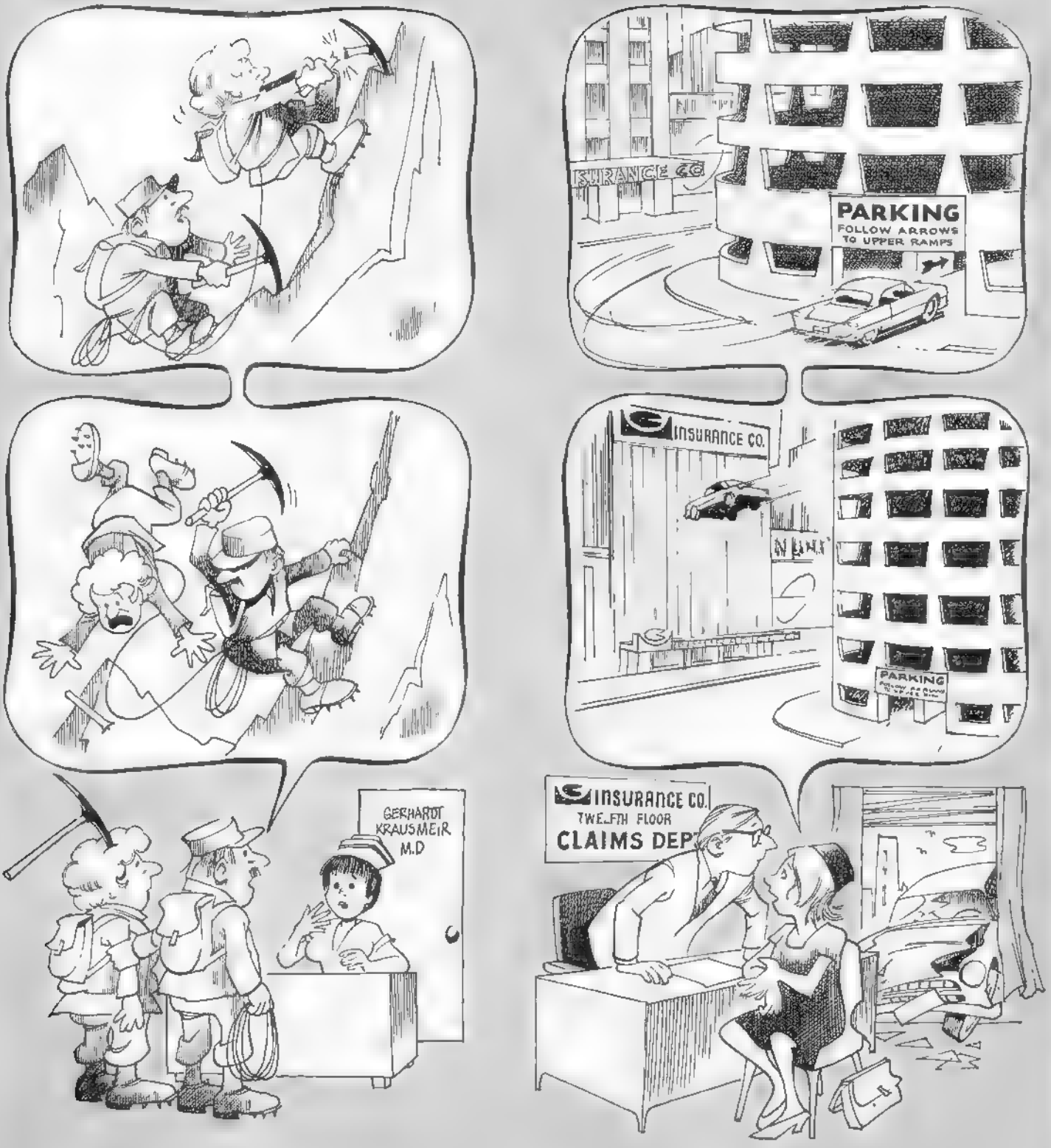
Yes, we know how awful hospital food can be! So why pay for it if you don't eat it? With "No Frills," you pay only for the food on the tray you eat. The rest is returned to the kitchen, and it is re-served to you for your next meal

DOCTORS' GOLD MINE HOSPITAL *"We cut costs down while we cut you up!"*

INCIDENT REPLAY DEPT.

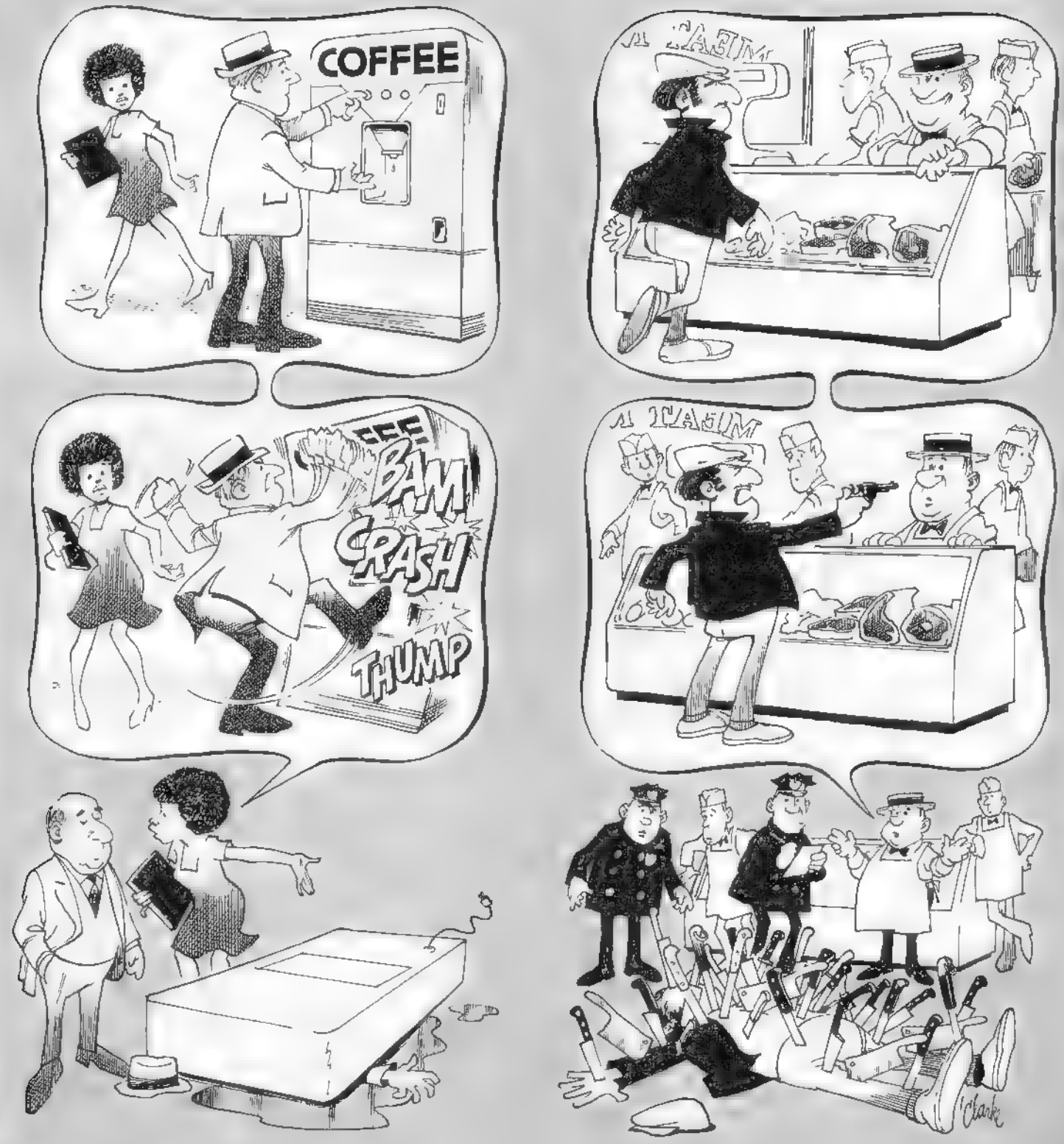
STILL MORE WHAT'S T

ARTIST BOB CLARKE



HE STORY...?

WRITER: DON EDWING



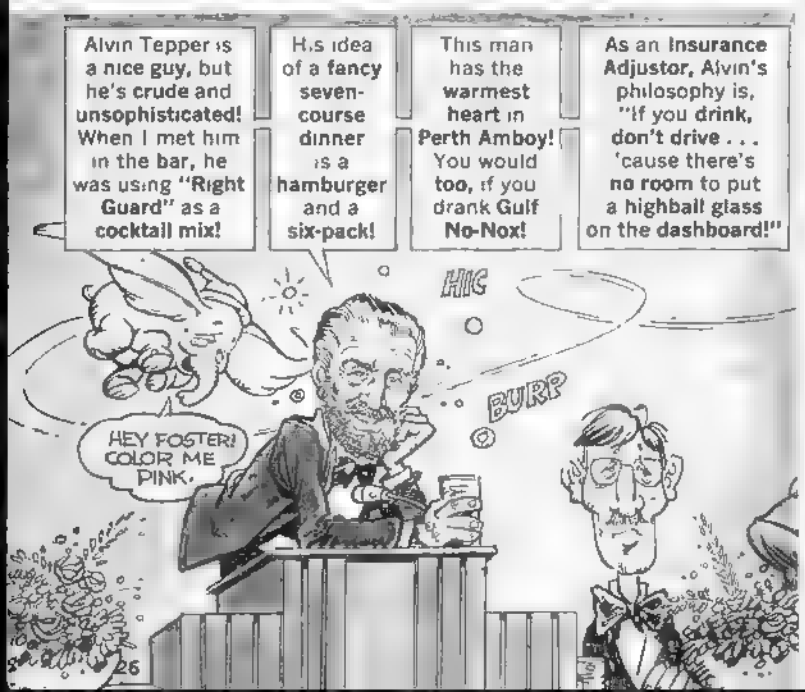
CLOD-BOPPERS DEPT.

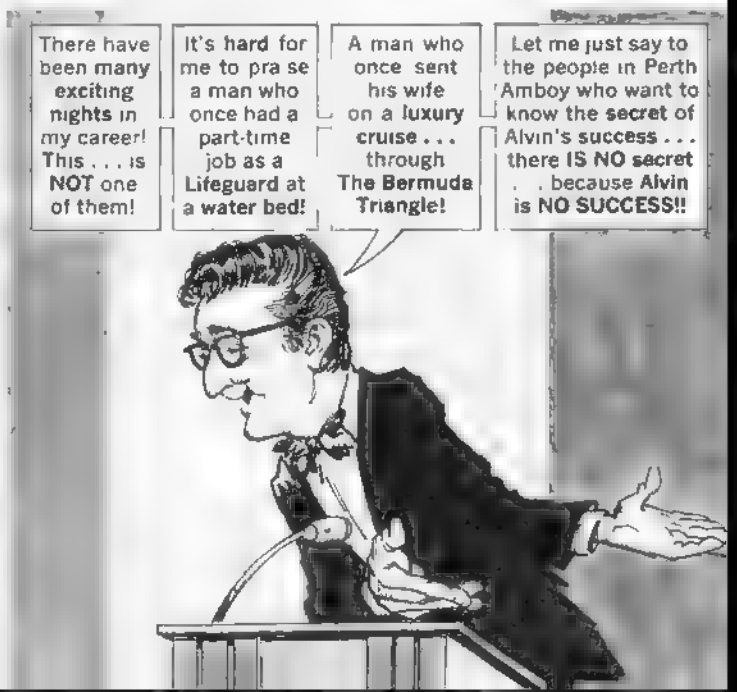
If there's one thing that Television has done to death, it's those idiotic "Celebrity Roasts." We mean those shows where "Big Names" are insulted and humiliated . . . all in the name of fellowship, fun, and mainly, high ratings. The problem is that over the past years, there have been so many "Celebrity

TESTIMONIAL FOR ORDI

ROAST OF ALVIN TEPPER, INSURANCE ADJUSTOR, FROM

ARTIST: BOB JONES

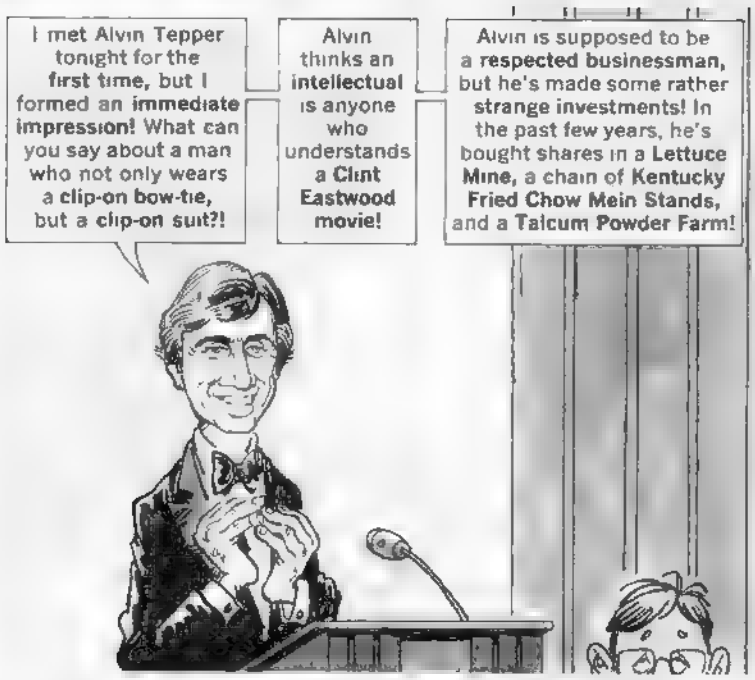




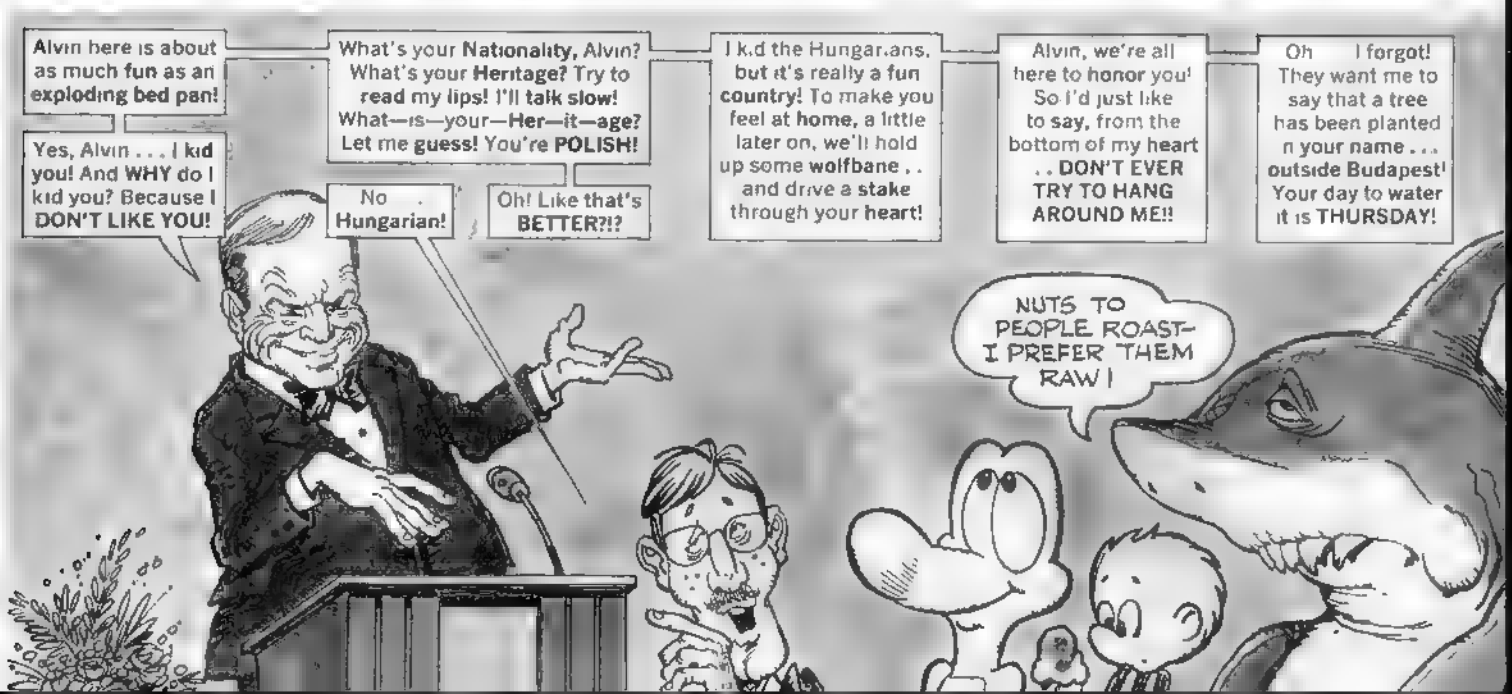
Roasts" that they're running out of *celebrities* to *roast!* Like, you know . . . Those shows are in trouble when they start roasting people like Peter Lupis and Abbe Lane. They'd be much better off roasting ordinary, unknown people with non-glamorous jobs! In fact, here's what it would be like if they had

ROASTS NARY PEOPLE

PERTH AMBOY, N.J.

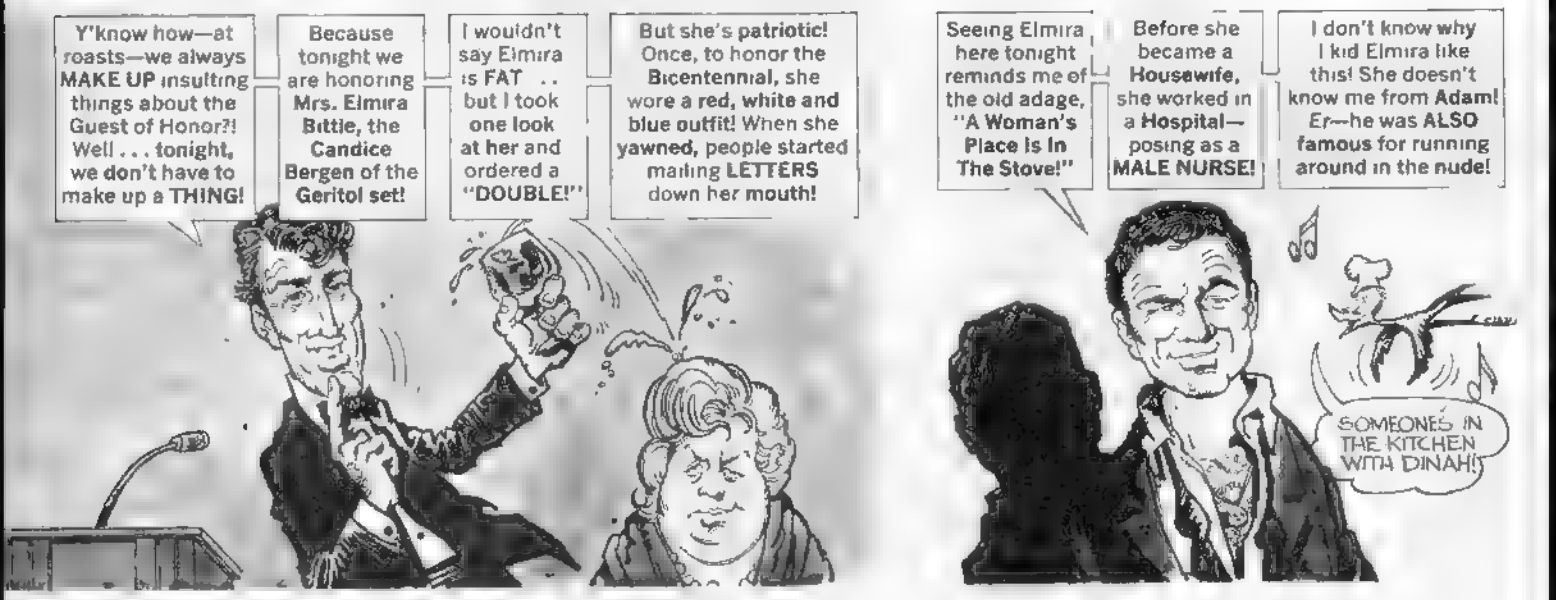


WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

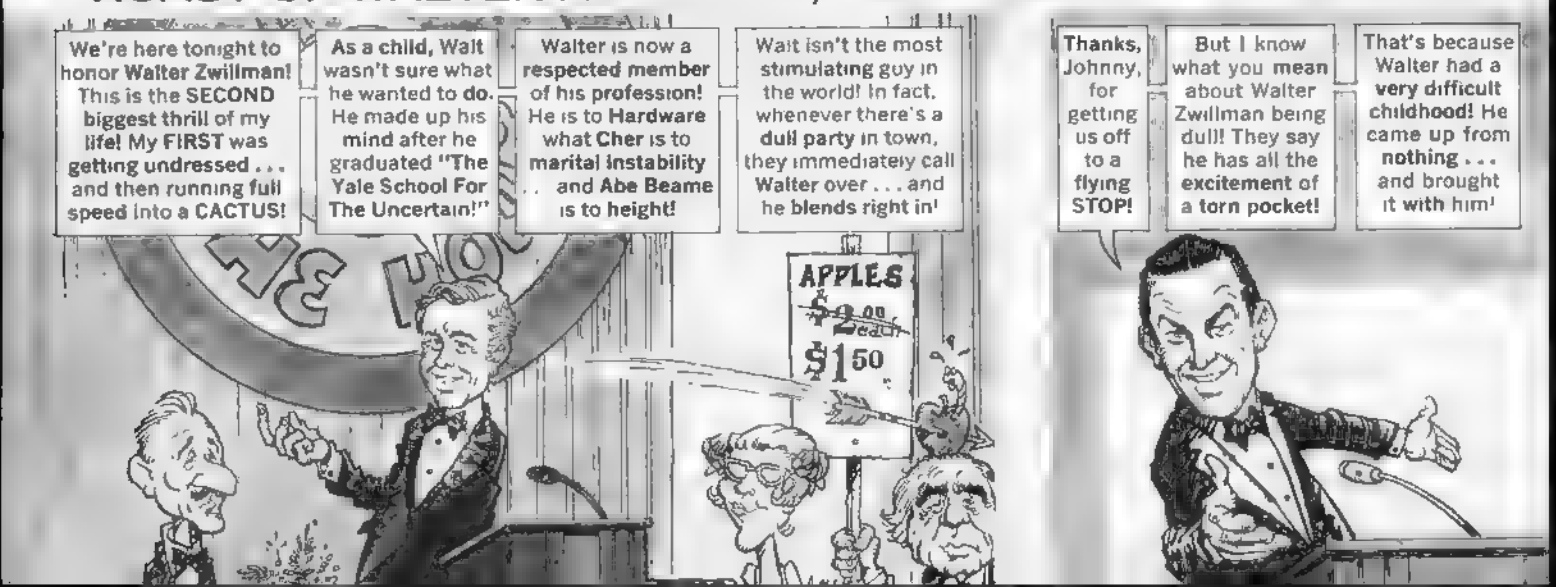


ROAST OF DR. MELVIN W. OGELTHORPE, PHYSICIAN, FROM MU

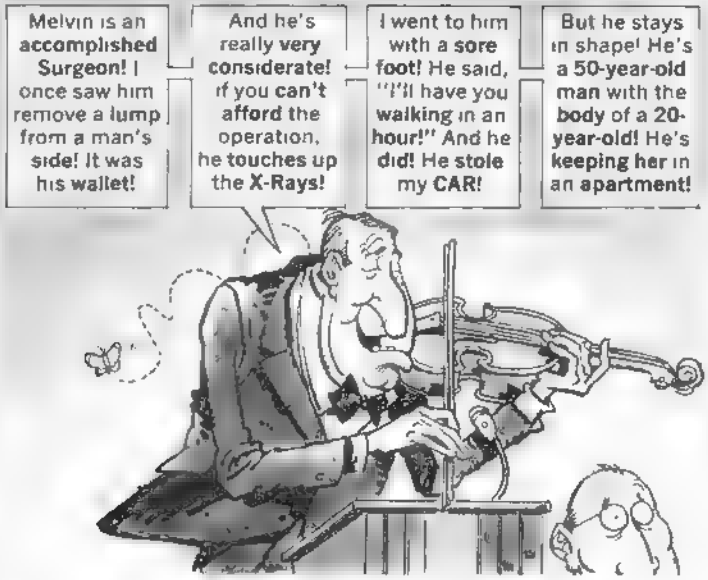
ROAST OF MRS. ELMIRA BITTLE, HOUSEWIFE, FROM VICKSBU

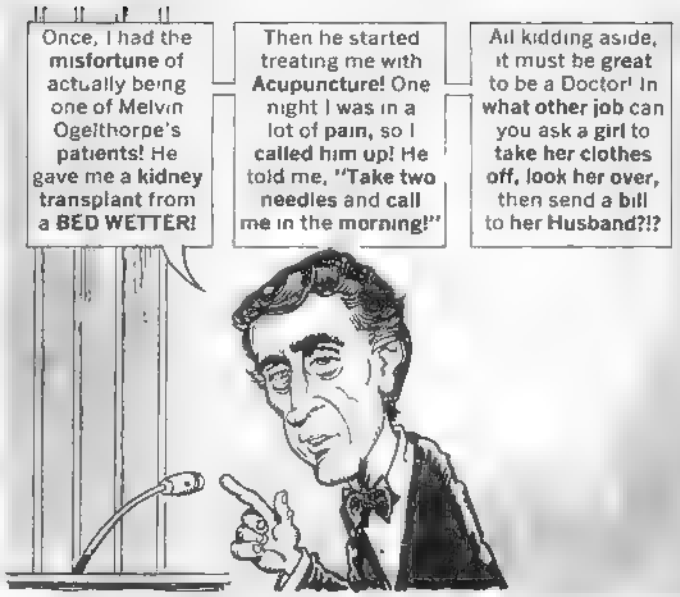


ROAST OF WALTER ZWILLMAN, HARDWARE STORE MANAGER,

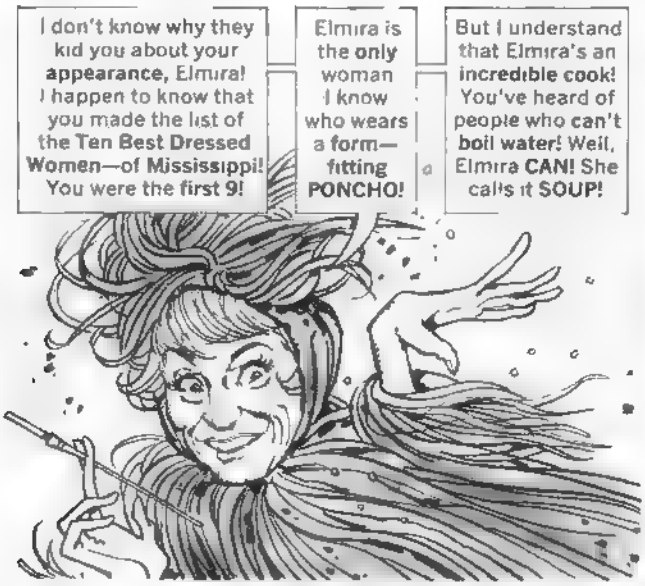


NCIE, INDIANA

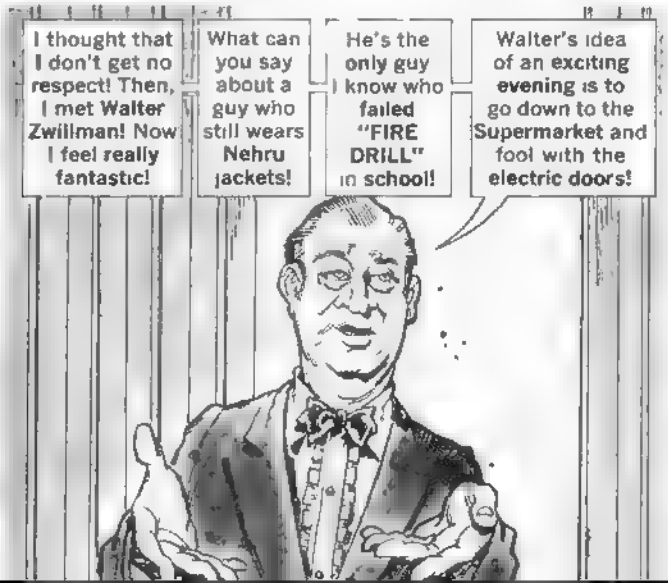


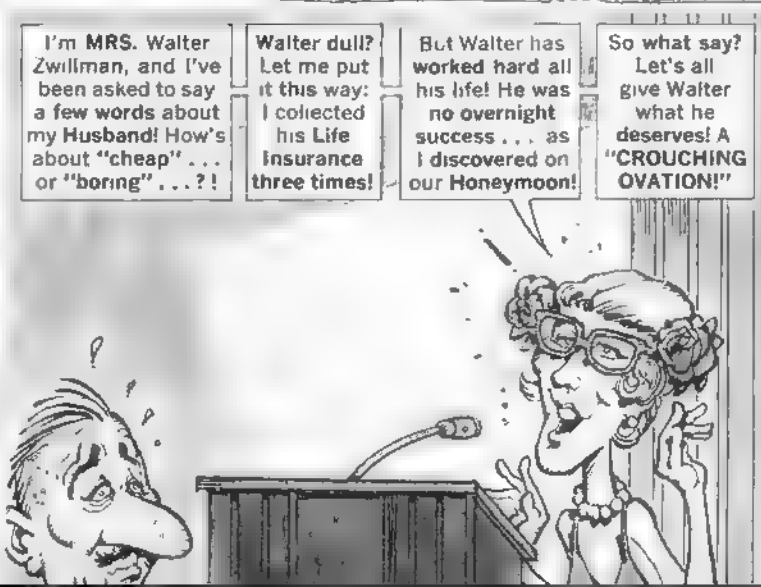


RG, MISSISSIPPI



FROM POTTSVILLE, PA.





STATUS QUOTES DEPT.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

...you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

...you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

...you breed kids like rabbits.

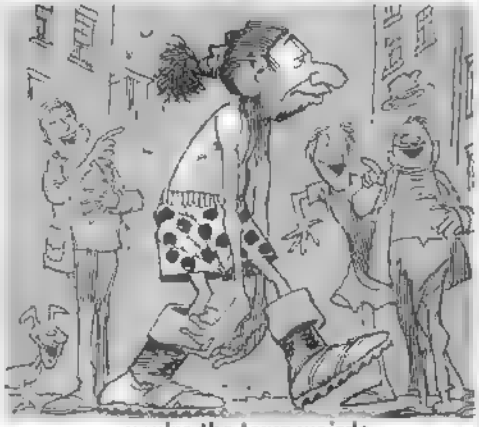
WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

...you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

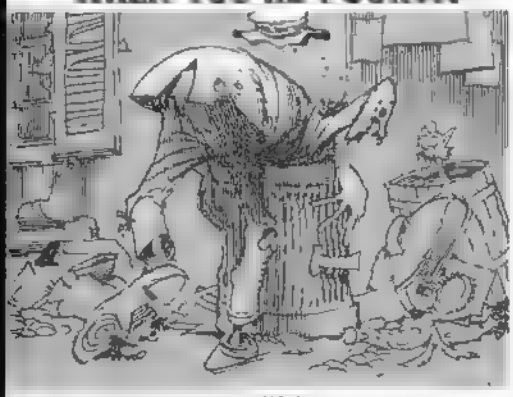
...you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



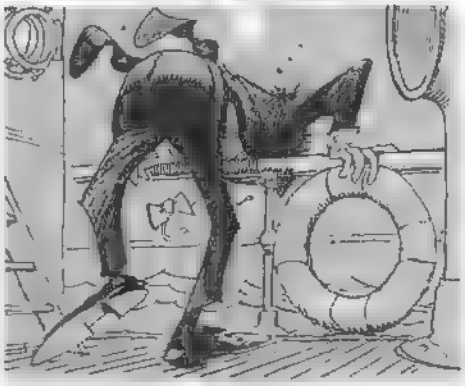
...you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



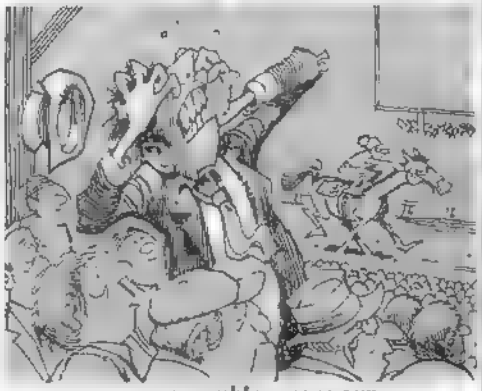
...you vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a sudden attack of nausea.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

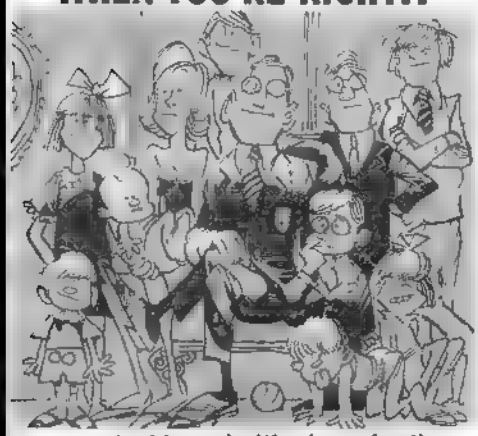


...you gamble away your salary at the track.

ND...WHEN YOU'RE RICH

WRITER, FRANK JACOBS

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

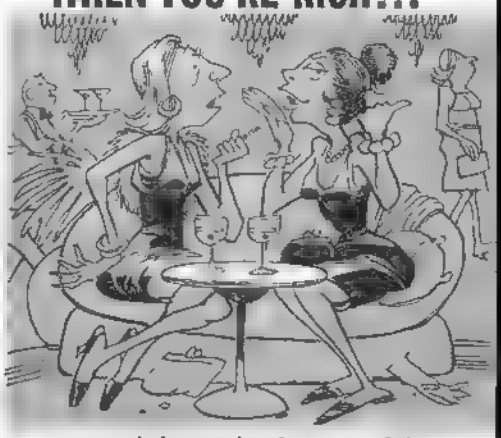


...you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

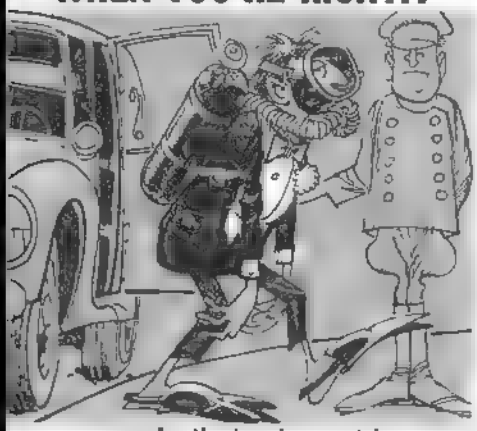
...you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

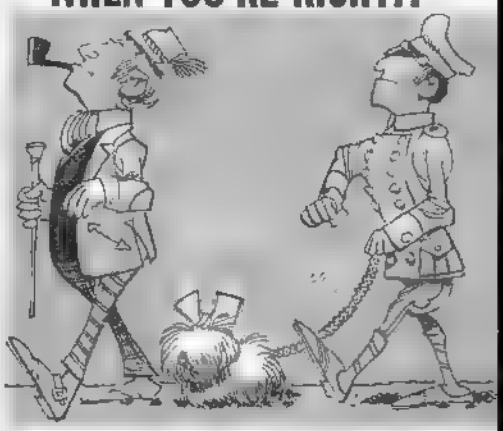


...you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

...you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

...you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

...you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...

...you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE WEDNESDAY MORNING ON A DESERT ISLAND

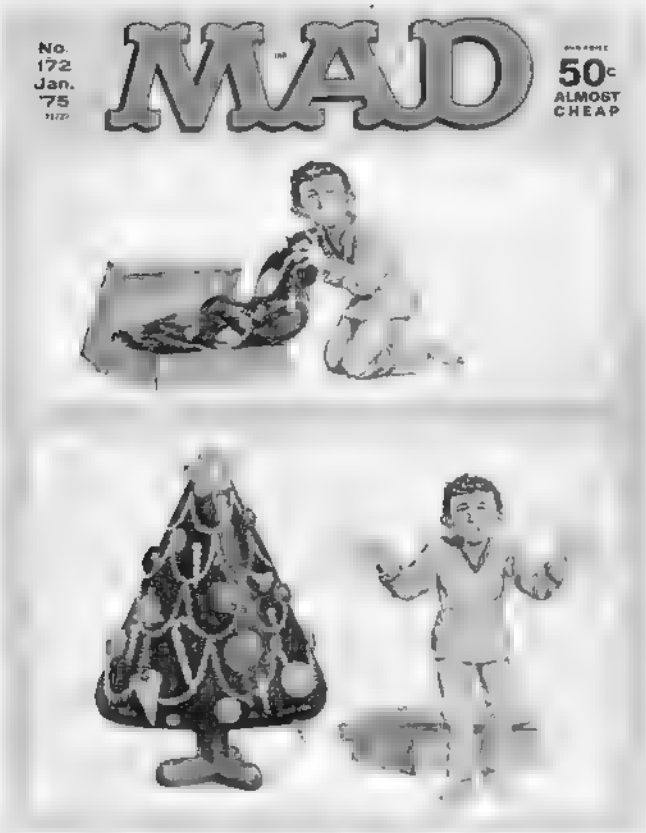
SECONDING OUR NOTION DEPT.

PRESENTING THE ORIGINAL MAD COVER

AND ONE MAD MOMENT LATER!

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DON EDWING

THE ORIGINAL

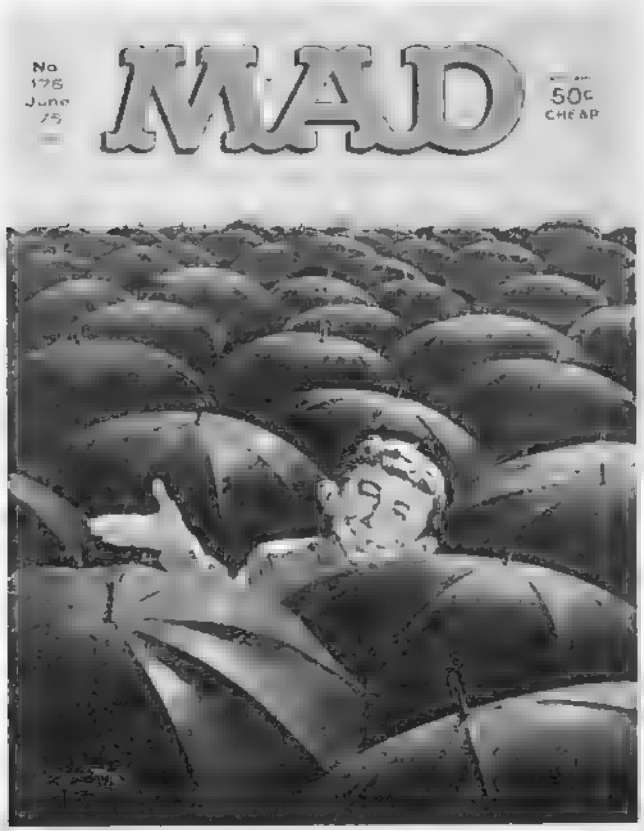


COVER...

...AND ONE

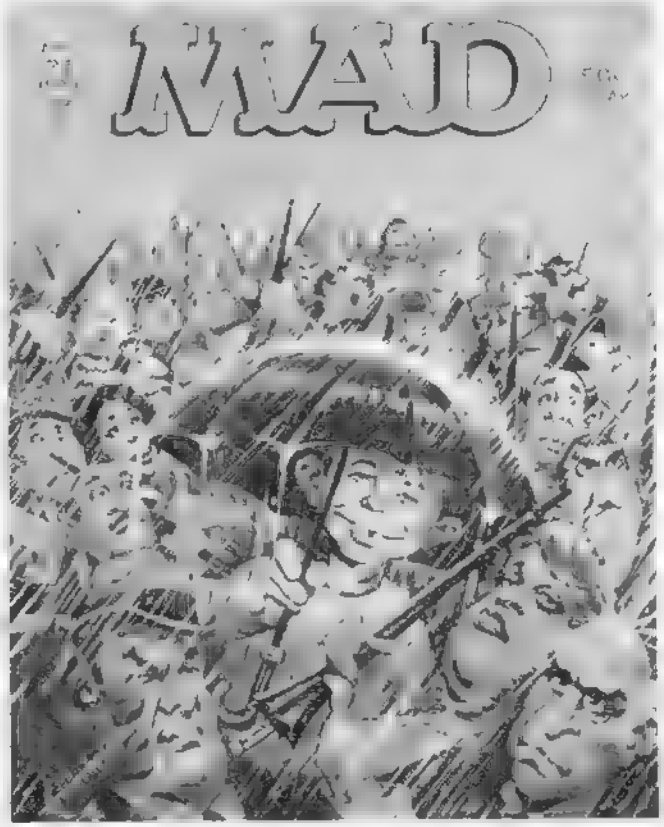
MOMENT LATER!

THE ORIGINAL



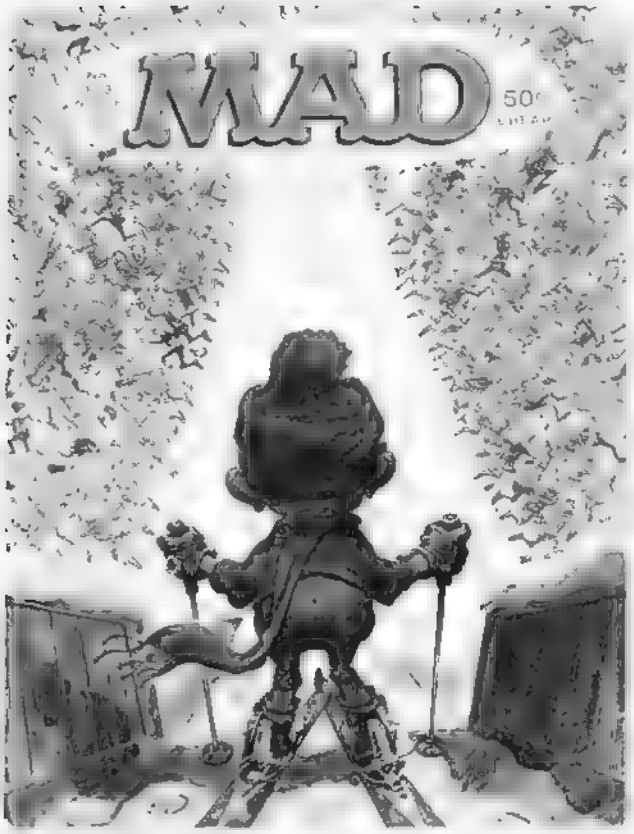
COVER...

...AND ONE



MOMENT LATER!

THE ORIGINAL



COVER...

...AND ONE

MOMENT LATER!

THE ORIGINAL

COVER...

...AND ONE

MOMENT LATER!

EXPOSED NERDS DEPT.

Members of every club and organization from the Camp Fire Girls to the Spanish-American War Vets agree on one point: There is nothing duller than the Minutes of the last meeting. That's because dull groups that hold dull meetings have dull Minutes. However, the people who have all the controversial discussions and

TOP SECRET MINUTES O

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

THE OIL IMPORTERS OF AMERICA

Energy Conservation Committee

Winter Meeting

A. The minutes of the previous meeting were thrown into the waste basket and burned, thus allowing news photographers to take pictures that show how eager we are to find alternate sources of energy to heat our Conference Room.

B. The news photographers were led out, and the thermostat in the Conference Room was turned back up to 78.

C. Mr. Tidwell of Eastern Utilities proposed that we hand Israel over to the Arabs as a gesture to indicate that we want to be nice.

D. Mr. Tidwell was criticized for failing to lower his voice when he offers barbaric suggestions that we'll later want to deny endorsing.

E. Mr. Spielrite of Pan-Sand Dune Oil laughed off rumors that gasoline may hit $1 a gallon by next fall. He said it will have to hit $1 a lot sooner than that if his company is to double its profits again this year.

F. Mr. Cosgrove of Geological Projection Systems reminded the Committee that we still haven't proposed a comprehensive energy program, even though the nation is now down to a 12½-year supply of proven oil reserves.

G. The Committee cheered Mr. Cosgrove's statement, since this puts our oil reserves at six whole months more than previously estimated.

H. The meeting was adjourned, and the thermostat was turned back down to 65 for the benefit of the press.

BROTHERHOOD OF INDUSTRIAL DRUDGES LOCAL No. 1239

April 18, 1975

Being as how the Brotherhood makes all its big decisions by a democratic vote, the Executive Council first voted democratically to exclude the general membership from this meeting and all future ones.

The Treasurer announced that we turned a neat $3,000,000 profit by docking the members $3,000,000 for somewhat voluntary contributions to the Strike Fund, just before we sold out to Management and canceled the strike. A motion was passed to spend this surplus on recruiting new members such as Congressmen who might join the Brotherhood if our offer is high enough.

A final count of ballots from last month's voting showed that all Executive Council members got reelected, 14,267-to-0. It was decided to announce this figure as 14,265-to-2, so people won't think there might have been some shenanigans in the vote count.

The meeting got adjourned nine minutes after it began, on account of some of the guys still had to go shopping for beach wear to take with them to the national convention in Miami.

who make all the vital decisions meet behind closed doors in strict sneaky privacy. And if we ever read what the Minutes of those meetings contained, our customary boredom would quickly be replaced by enraged frothing at the mouth. Well, prepare to froth, because we here at MAD have just come into possession of these

F TOP SECRET MEETINGS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

CYCLOPS TV & ELECTRONICS CORP.
Service Representatives' Emergency Meeting

1A. Board Chairman Menweather opened the discussion by pointing out that 97% of all Cyclops TV sets sold this year have been found defective while still under warranty. He urged service reps to act more surly, in the hope of discouraging buyers from bringing back the shoddy junk we sold them.

1B. Mr. Bertram of the Chicago office suggested that it might also help if future warranties stated in fine print that defective sets must be returned in person to our Main Service Center at Nome, Alaska.

1C. Mr. Solotkin of the Corporate Spying Dept. said that some competitors have cut down on unprofitable warranty work by requiring customers to state their complaints in writing, without misspelling any words.

1D. Mr. Mosely of Quality Control suggested that we reduce the number of defective sets we make by eliminating those cheap plastic parts that don't fit together properly.

2A. Mr. Mosely was fired on the spot, while the proposals of Mr. Bertram and Mr. Solotkin were taken under serious advisement.

COUNCIL OF TV NETWORK DECISION MAKERS

The March meeting began at 7:15 P.M., to allow ample time for completion of business before the good Sex and Violence programs come on at 9 o'clock.

Best wishes were extended to ABC on its Third Season, launched in February to replace all the Second Season clinkers that went on in January to replace the flops that went on last September.

The Industry Committee for Better Programming offered the following recommendations: (1) Upgrade "The $25,000 Pyramid" by making it "The $30,000 Pyramid;" (2) Stop confusing the audience by televising a ball game at the same time Curt Gowdy is doing his weekly reminiscence of his boyhood in Wyoming, and (3) Put Sher's revealing costumes on someone who has more to reveal.

These proposals were all rejected after our accountants stated that network profits are too good to risk horsing around making needless changes.

A motion to begin summer re-runs next season immediately after the Christmas Specials was referred to a sub-committee for study. The sub-committee was instructed never to report back, as this might require the full Council to make a decision about something.

A motion to adjourn was approved, on the assumption that its passage probably wouldn't offend anybody.

B.I.G. M.A.M.A.

(Board of Innovative Guidance, Midwest Auto Manufacturers' Association)

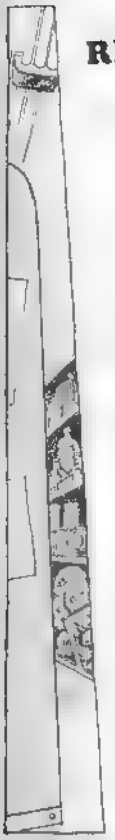
The April meeting was held in the Intensive Care Unit of the Little Sisters of Detroit Hospital at the request of Board President Frobisher, who was recuperating there following a highly unusual brake failure on his 1976 Wildfire Mark XIV Grand de Ville sedan.

Members discussed the frequency of such highly unusual mishaps on 1976 American-made cars, and then voted unanimously to provide themselves with Mercedes limousines as a safety precaution.

The Chairman of the Sales Committee suggested that the advertising theme for the 1977 model year be "The greatest new design of the decade," referring, of course, to the Association's great new design for bilking the public out of millions with an across-the-board 28% price increase.

The Committee on Future Development reported that the rotary engine continues to show promise for 1979. It still gets only ten miles to the gallon, but this disadvantage is more than offset by recent indications that a rotary engine powered car can be sold for $2,000 more than current models.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:35 P.M. in memory of Board President Frobisher, who was pronounced dead after a mention of Ralph Nader's name failed to make him scream in outrage.



RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATION

Price Fixing Conference

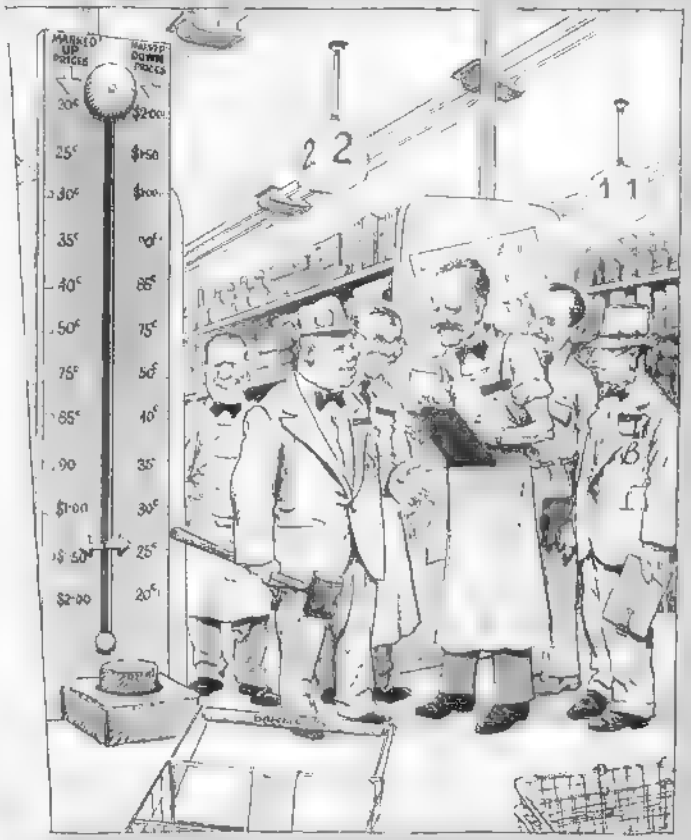
The regular weekly meeting to discuss Thursday's newspaper ads was opened by Chairman Hofstedt of Cornucopia Markets, who reminded the group that it was his company's turn to feature a special on 5 lb. bags of sugar, while quietly jacking up the price of coffee and fresh corn.

Delegate Furbler of Dandy Discount Stores interrupted to accuse Cornucopia of violating the Association charter last week by offering both hamburger buns and watermelon at lower prices than competing chains. Furbler charged that such widespread price cutting might soon enable consumers to do all their shopping at one store without getting swindled.

Chairman Hofstedt denied this charge, pointing out that the special on hamburger buns was merely a trap designed to sell more onions and ketchup at new higher prices. Also, he claimed that Cornucopia didn't even stock any of the watermelon it advertised on sale.

Delegate Pringle of Barney's Bargain Mart received permission to cut Grade A eggs by 4c a dozen, with the understanding that bacon be increased by 15c a pound.

After exchanging proposed ad copy, the delegates adjourned for lunch to Vito's Steak House, which features the type of prime sirloin you just can't find in the markets anymore.



THE FOUR SEASONS IMPORTING CO. OF LONG ISLAND CITY

(Formerly the Four Ruling Families of Palermo, Sicily)

Don Luigi called the business associates and foot soldiers to order at 2:35 P.M. by banging his gavel. It was noted by all that he didn't even bang it on anybody's knee caps, which may mean he's getting too old and soft to manage the organization. Anyhow, out of respect to Don Luigi, the other gentlemen shut up their faces and listened. Don Luigi recited the 1975 fiscal report from memory, on account of that's the only safe place to put it. He said the net take from the importing business had been either 40-billion or 14-billion. He forgets which, and nobody pressed him to remember better.

Don Luigi said the 1975 profits had been used to take control of General Motors, A.T. & T., Union Carbide and Gulf Oil. He said that if things go as good in '76, we may be able to buy a franchise in the National Football League.

Don Luigi then said there was no other business to discuss, so we naturally did not discuss any.

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY WEEKLY BRIEFING SESSION

16 February 1976

138.1 - Agent Blue Fox (Eddie Schwartz) reported the latest up to date on the situation in Yemen. He said the Prime Minister there refused to break diplomatic relations with the Communists, even after receiving our generous payment. Therefore, Blue Fox will speak to the Prime Minister at 2:30 P.M. next Thursday.

138.2 Agent Wart Hog 5 (Frank Sinclair) suggested that the hash squad order in Yemen be sent back, and redistributed to the loonies who are rebeling in Paraguay. Agent Blue Fox mixed this idea in the grounds that stealing our money back is not cause for our friends in Yemen to distruct us.

138.3 The Director read coded cables from agents in Cuba, Syria and Algeria, all stating that past store work is progressing satisfactorily. He also read a post card from an agent in Tahiti, stating that he is having a wonderful time on his vacation, and wishes we could all be there.

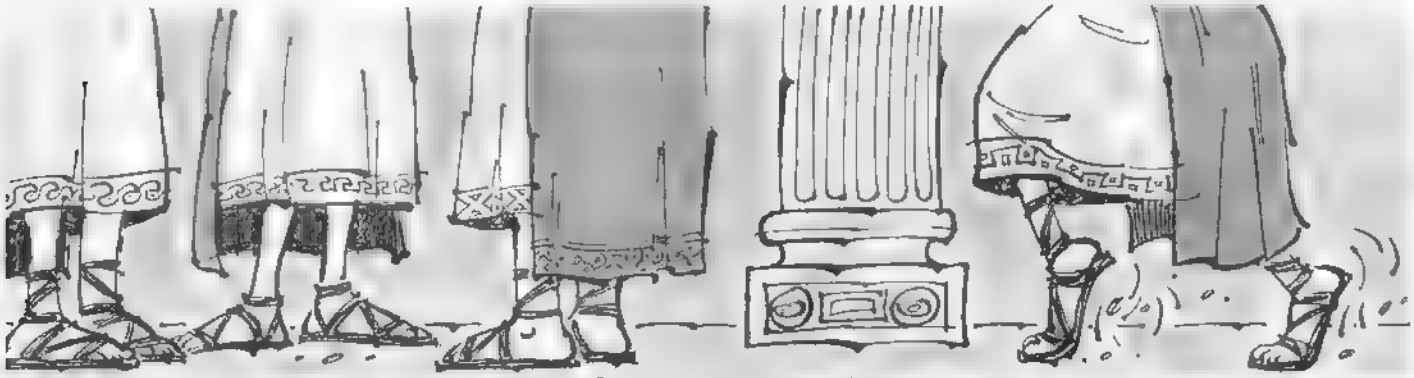
138.4 - The session was adjourned at 9:15, and everyone left by the back door.

THAT'S SHOE BIZ DEPT.

FOOTNOTES* TO

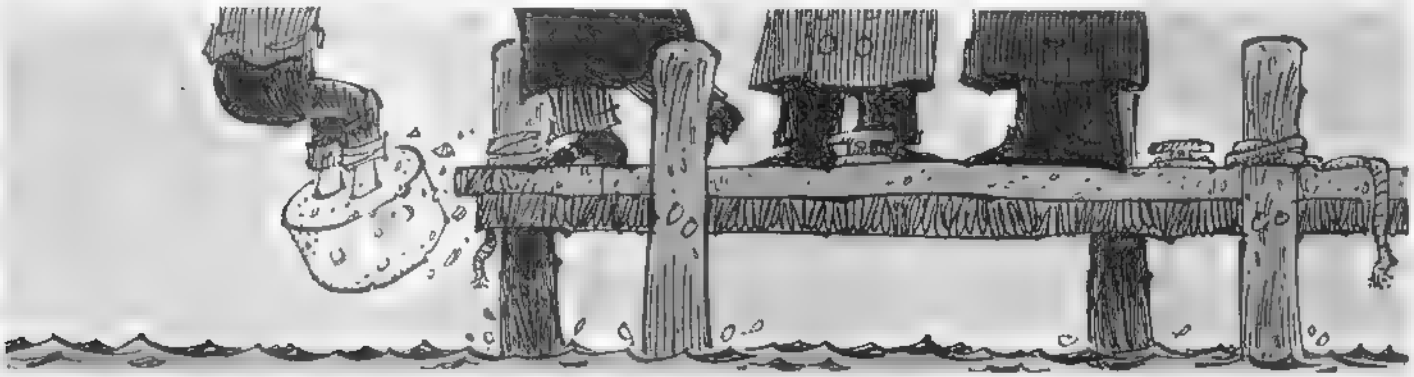
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

*"Damn you, Moby Dick! Damn you, knotty pine!"



*"Where's Brutus . . . ?"

*"It may be agile, but it certainly isn't ARTFUL dodging!"



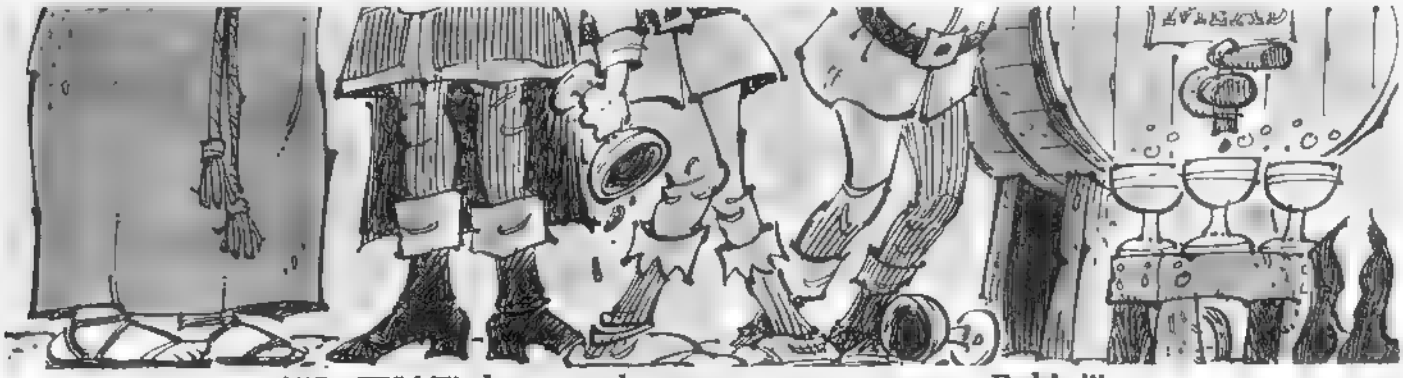
*"Don Corleone sends his compliments and says you don' owe him no more favors!"

LITERATURE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

*"Hey! One for all . . . remember!?"

*"Alexander Portnoy! We're still waiting! What are you DOING in there?"



*"So THAT's how you keep your men so merry, Robin!"

*"Number Eleven . . . ! Thou shalt not throw temper tantrums!"

YOU KENT WIN 'EM ALL DEPT.

A SUPER OPPORTUNITY

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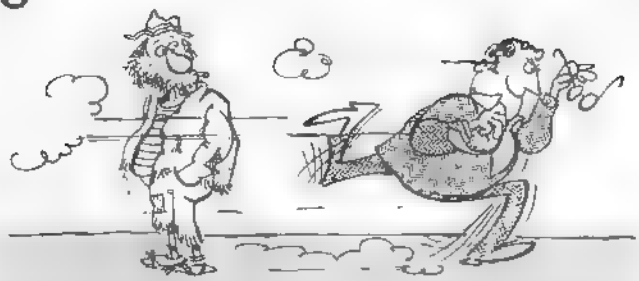

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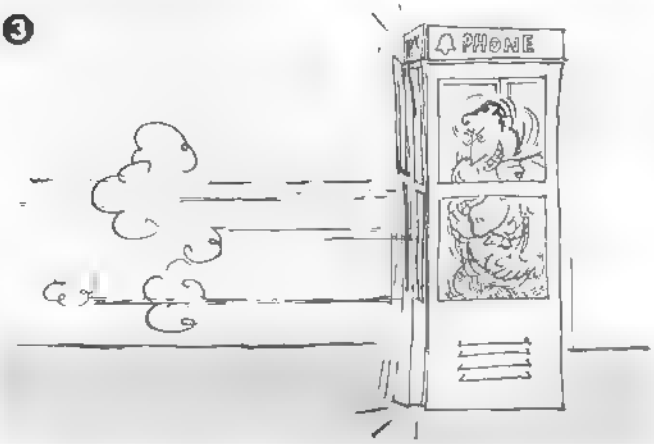

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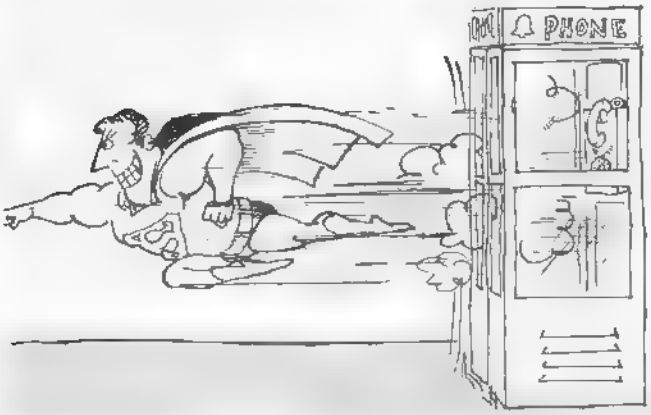

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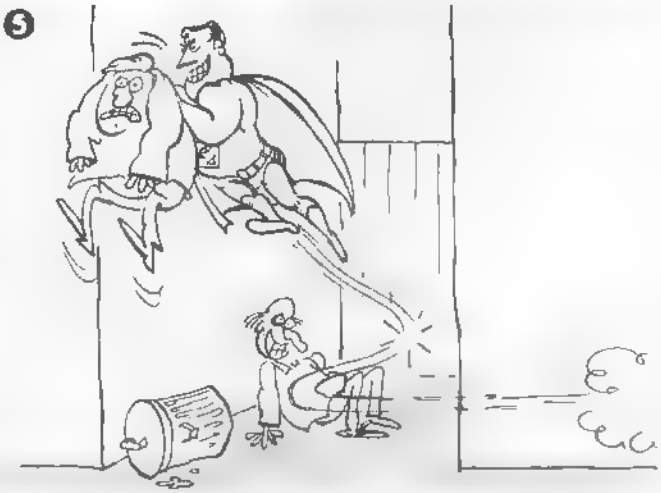

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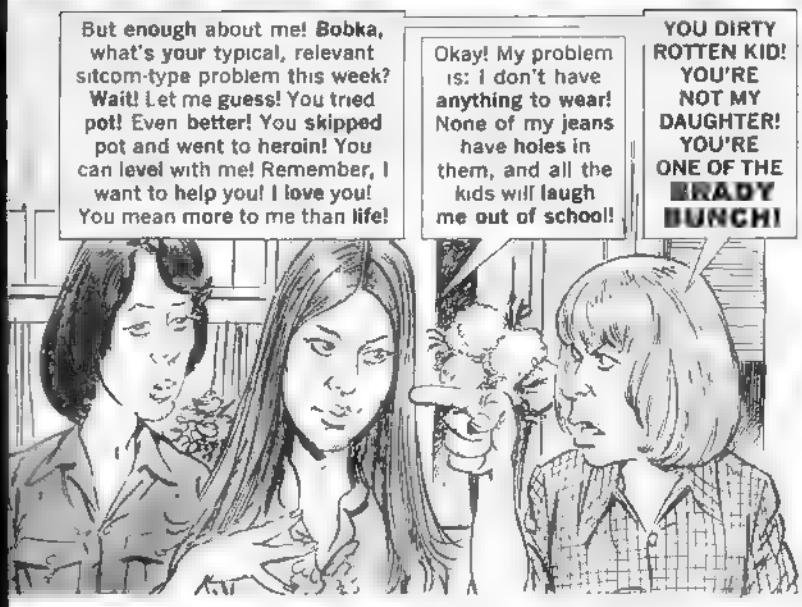
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

PANTY WOES DEPT.

With women making enormous strides toward freedom in recent years, everyone seems to have gotten on the bandwagon, including Television. However, one thing puzzles us: If they must give us all of those "Female-Oriented Situation Comedies," why does TV insist upon making their women characters so damn obnoxious? Take Maude, f'rinstance! Or Rhoda! Or, if you've got an exceptionally strong stomach, Phyllis! And now, the King of the Sit-Coms, Norman Lear, has given us not one, but THREE nauseating females to swallow in one gulp. Namely, a Divorcee and her two daughters. We don't know about you, but we can't digest them all at once. In fact, we can't even take them . . .

ONE DAME AT A TIME

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

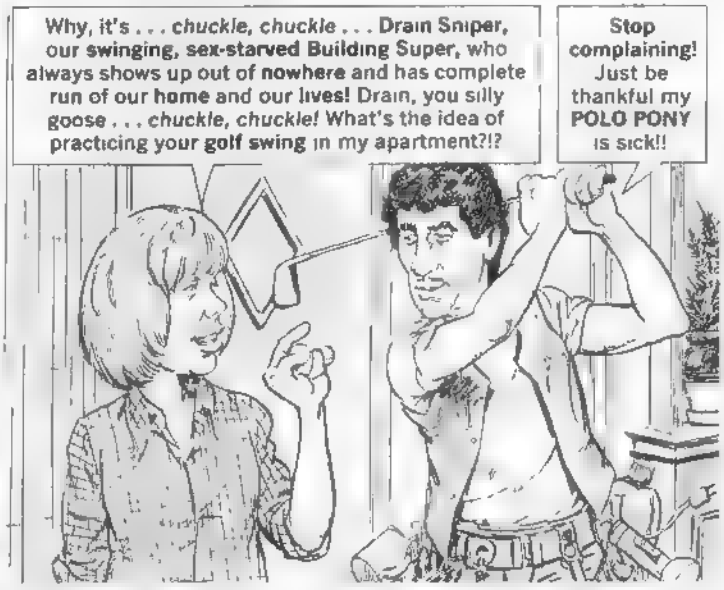

But enough about me! Bobka, what's your typical, relevant sitcom-type problem this week? Wait! Let me guess! You tried pot! Even better! You skipped pot and went to heroin! You can level with me! Remember, I want to help you! I love you! You mean more to me than life!
Okay! My problem is: I don't have anything to wear! None of my jeans have holes in them, and all the kids will laugh me out of school!
YOU DIRTY ROTTEN KID! YOU'RE NOT MY DAUGHTER! YOU'RE ONE OF THE BRADY BUNCH!

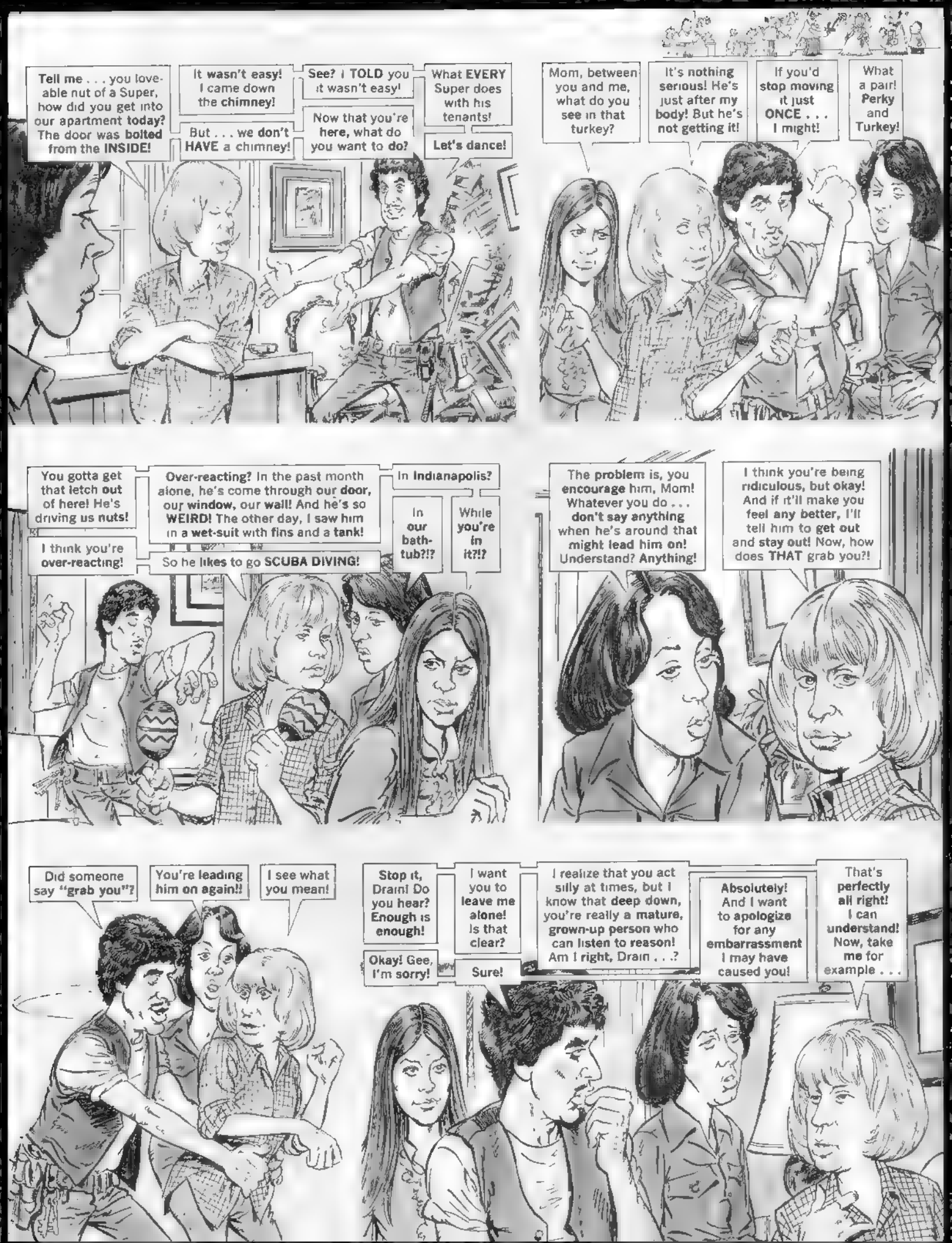
You call THAT a problem for a growing girl on a post-Family Hour show?!? Tonight, I'm going to lock you in the hall closet . . . and make you stay in there until you can come up with something REALLY GOOD!!
The HALL CLOSET?!? Mom, if you lock me in there with all your sick PORNO MAGAZINES, there's no telling WHAT terrible things'll happen to me!!
Well that's a START!

Ghoulie, your sister really disappointed me! I hope you can make up for it! So tell me . . . what's new with you, and it better be something REALLY GOOD!!
Mom, you remember Herbie, who took me to the Prom a few months ago, and we stayed out almost all night?! Well . . . I'm expecting—
Thank God! You're PREGNANT!!
Let me finish! I'm expecting him over tonight to watch "Little House On The Prairie". . .

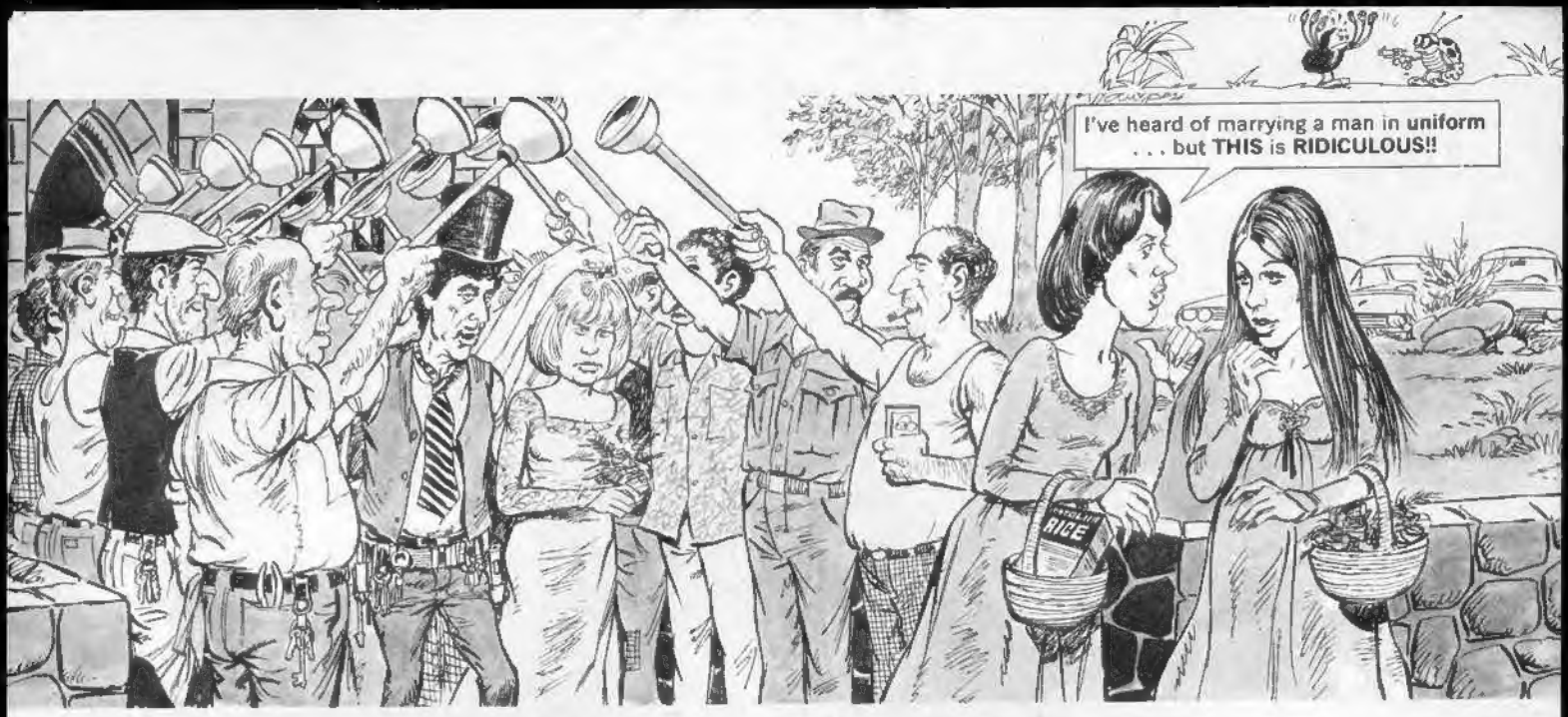
"Little House On The Prairie"?!?
Yecch! What you said! Where did you get such a clean mouth all of a sudden?!?
One of the kids smuggled a Donny and Marie record into Amy's "Sweet Sixteen Party"!
Ahah! That explains it!
I've noticed that you girls have been acting mighty strange lately! You're just not yourselves these days! Now, what's bothering you?

Okay . . . you wanna know what's bugging us? I'll tell you! It's this apartment! We have no privacy! We can't breathe! There just isn't enough room in here for the four of us!
What do you mean, FOUR of us?!? You're one . . . I'm two . . . Bobka is three . . . WHO'S FOUR??
F O R E !!
CLUNK


Why, it's . . . chuckle, chuckle . . . Drain Sniper, our swinging, sex-starved Building Super, who always shows up out of nowhere and has complete run of our home and our lives! Drain, you silly goose . . . chuckle, chuckle! What's the idea of practicing your golf swing in my apartment?!?
Stop complaining! Just be thankful my POLO PONY is sick!!


Tell me . . . you loveable nut of a Super, how did you get into our apartment today? The door was bolted from the INSIDE!
It wasn't easy! I came down the chimney!
But . . . we don't HAVE a chimney!
See? I TOLD you it wasn't easy!
Now that you're here, what do you want to do?
What EVERY Super does with his tenants!
Let's dance!
Mom, between you and me, what do you see in that turkey?
It's nothing serious! He's just after my body! But he's not getting it!
If you'd stop moving it just ONCE . . . I might!
What a pair! Perky and Turkey!
You gotta get that letch out of here! He's driving us nuts!
I think you're over-reacting!
Over-reacting? In the past month alone, he's come through our door, our window, our wall! And he's so WEIRD! The other day, I saw him in a wet-suit with fins and a tank!
So he likes to go SCUBA DIVING!
In Indianapolis?
In our bath-tub?!?
While you're in it?!?
The problem is, you encourage him, Mom! Whatever you do . . . don't say anything when he's around that might lead him on! Understand? Anything!
I think you're being ridiculous, but okay! And if it'll make you feel any better, I'll tell him to get out and stay out! Now, how does THAT grab you?!
Did someone say "grab you"?
You're leading him on again!!
I see what you mean!
Stop it, Drain! Do you hear? Enough is enough!
Okay! Gee, I'm sorry!
I want you to leave me alone! Is that clear?
Sure!
I realize that you act silly at times, but I know that deep down, you're really a mature, grown-up person who can listen to reason! Am I right, Drain . . .?
Absolutely! And I want to apologize for any embarrassment I may have caused you!
That's perfectly all right! I can understand! Now, take me for example . . .

I'd love to!
Whoops!!
You did it again!
Out! OUT!! And stay out! FOREVER!!
What a relief it would be not to have HIM under our feet any more!
Yeah! Why can't we have rats and roaches instead, . . . like OTHER tenants?!
Mom, it's been two weeks and he's still driving us bananas! You realize there's a CRAZY MAN practically living with us in this crazy house?!?
I've tried everything, but he still keeps coming out of the woodwork! I'm at the end of my rope! Girls! I'm afraid there's only one thing to do!
No, Mom . . . you CAN'T kill him!!
Yes you can! Yes you can!!
Girls! I've made up my mind! I'm going to MARRY HIM!!
Oh, my God! Now . . . TWO flew over the cuckoo's nest!
MARRY HIM?!? Mom, that is total idiocy! Why?? Tell me WHY?!?
Don't ask questions! Just trust me! Of course, I don't even know if Drain WANTS to marry me! And I really don't know how to ASK him . . .!
Don't worry, Mom! Somehow, I've got a sneaky feeling he already got your message!
What did you have in mind . . .? A catered affair . . . or something intimate for just the immediate family . . .?
I knew it! I knew it!
Oh, Drain!
Oh, baby!
Oh, God!!


I've heard of marrying a man in uniform . . . but THIS is RIDICULOUS!!
RICE

Awww, look . . .! How nice! He's carrying her across the threshold!
Isn't that a warm, familiar sight!
Yeah . . .! It's the same way he carries out the garbage!

And that's usually what happens to the garbage, too!!

Where is he, Mom? What happened?
It worked! It worked! Didn't I tell you to trust me!?!
What are you talking about?!?
401

Girls, you've just learned a valuable lesson! Don't ever forget it! Namely—there is only ONE WAY to get rid of a sex-starved letch and have him out of your life forever . . .
And what way is that, Mom?

MARRY HIM!!
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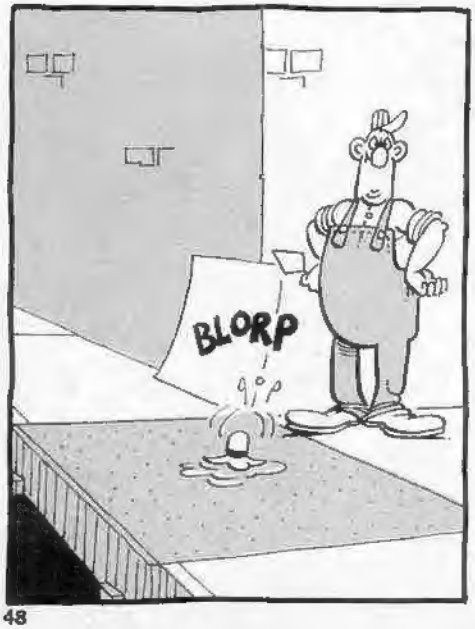
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE MORNING BACK ON MAIN STREET

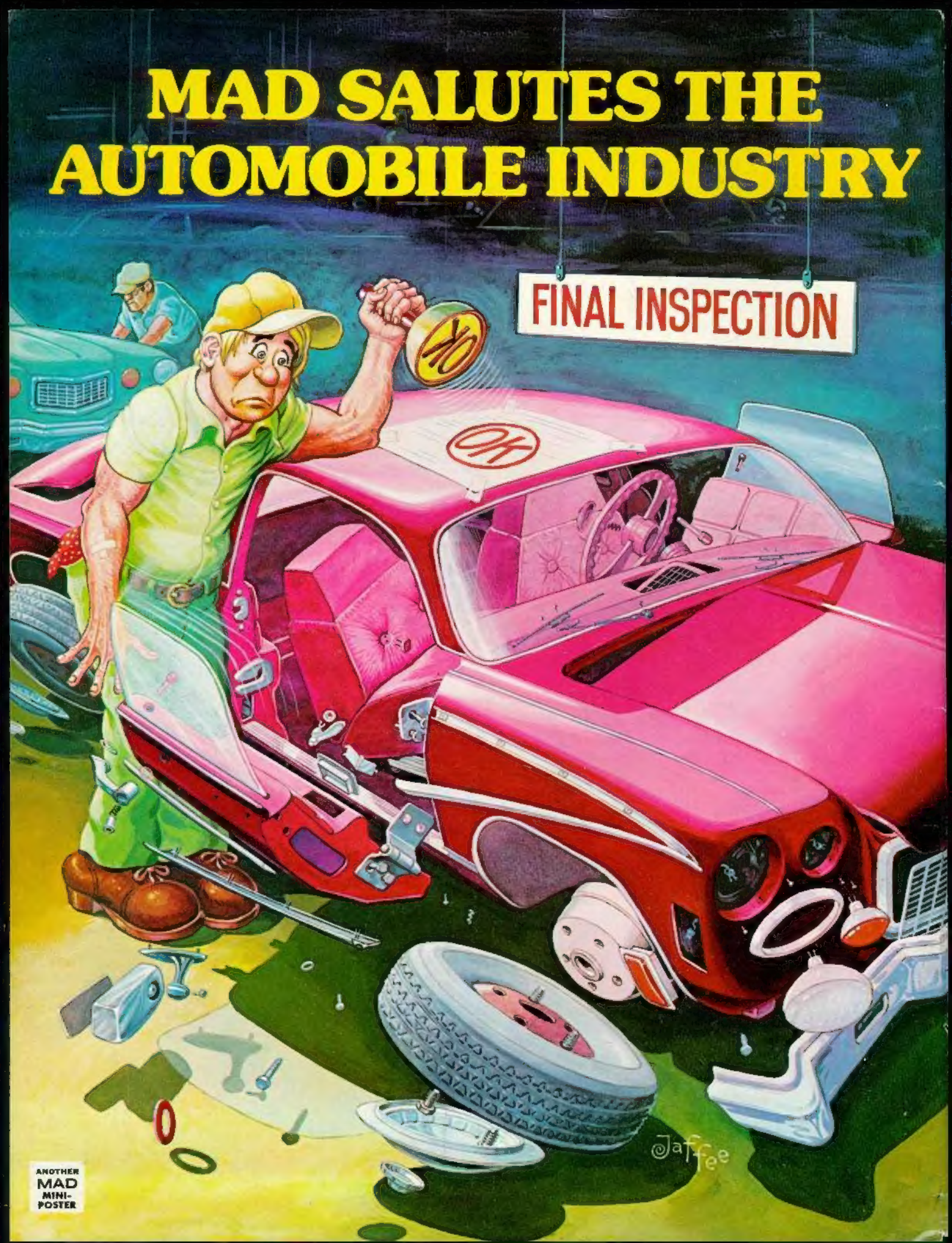


MORE SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)

ARTIST & WRITER: DON MARTIN

MAD SALUTES THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY



ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER